**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
**A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
**A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

# GRAFTON'S
# Gown Specialities

**Grafton's COTTON VOILE**

*Insist on "Grafton" stamped on Selvedge.*

The Vogue for **Grafton Cotton Voile** which was responsible for so many exquisite though inexpensive summer gowns, will also be met by the creation of charming Party Gowns during the coming months. In addition to designs of a lighter nature, it may now be purchased in White and all plain shades, including PLAIN Black—all of which are the fastest colours obtainable.

27 inches wide, **1/2½** 40 inches wide, **1/6½**.

**Grafton's SUEDE-VEL**

*Insist on "Grafton" stamped on Selvedge.*

A Dressing Gown or Blouse made with the new **Grafton Suede-Vel** creates an indescribable impression of exquisite charm and good taste. In many art shades and delightful patterns, this inexpensive material is as warm and cosy as it is attractive. Moreover, it can be washed with ease—retaining its colour and soft hanging appearance in all cases.

28 inches wide, **10½**d. per yard.

If unobtainable from your local draper, write to Graftons, 69, Watling Street, London, E.C., and we will arrange for a good selection of patterns to be sent to you post free.

# The Home Beautiful

*Telegrams "Greatly, London"* *Telephones: 1829, 1830, 2128 Battersea*

## Furnishings Unequalled for Quality & Value

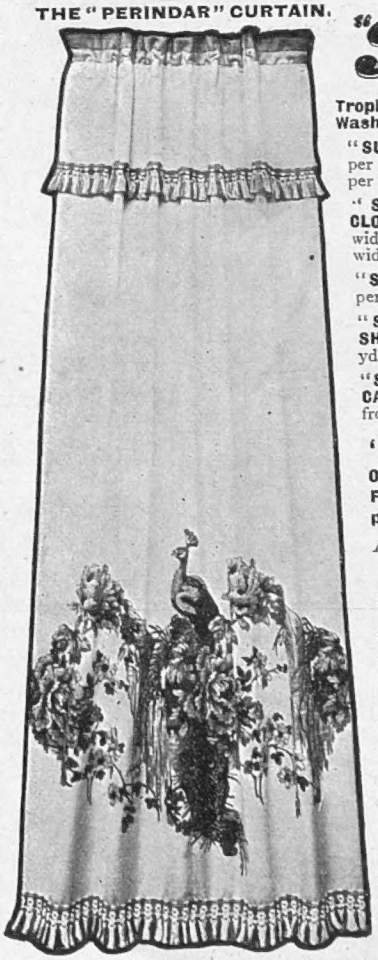
### THE "MARQUIS" CHAIR.

Perfectly Upholstered. Covered in Brocade at **7/6** per yd.

**£3 19 6**

## Curtain & Loose Cover Specialists

**THE "PERINDAR" CURTAIN.**



**Made to any size or colour on Satin Rep, or Velvet. Quotations upon application.**

**PATTERNS POST FREE.**

**"Sunpruf"**

**UNFADABLE FABRICS**

**Tropical Sun, Sea Air or Washing cannot Fade them.**

**"SUNRAVIA" CLOTH,** 9¾d. per yd., 31ins. wide; 1/5½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

**"SUNCOTE" CASEMENT CLOTH,** 10½d. per yd., 31ins. wide; 1/6½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

**"SUNDIP" MATTING,** 1/5½ per yd., 36ins. wide.

**"SUNPRUF" TWILLS and SHEETINGS** from 2/1½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

**"SUNPRUF" SATINS, BROCADES and TAPESTRIES** from 3/11 per yd.

**"SUNDORIAN" REP.**

**One of the finest Curtain Fabrics procurable 3/6 per yd., 50ins. wide.**

*Every Length Guaranteed*

**AUTUMN CURTAIN FABRICS.**

**ARUNDEL & VICTORIAN VELVET British Manufacture,** in a good range of colours, 3/3½ and 4/6 per yd., 50ins. wide.

**TITAN VELOUR.** Good Reversible Fabric, 3/11½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

**SATIN CLOTH** in beautiful rich shades, 3/11½ per yd., 50ins. wide.

**MERLYN SATIN JASPE,** 2/6 per yd., 50ins. wide.

**TAPESTRIES and BROCADES** suitable for Curtains or Coverings from 1/11½ per yd.

**DUNSTAN SERGE.** Excellent quality, 2/6½ per yd. 50ins. wide. A few colours, 70ins. wide, at 3/6 per yd.

**Williamson & Cole LTD**

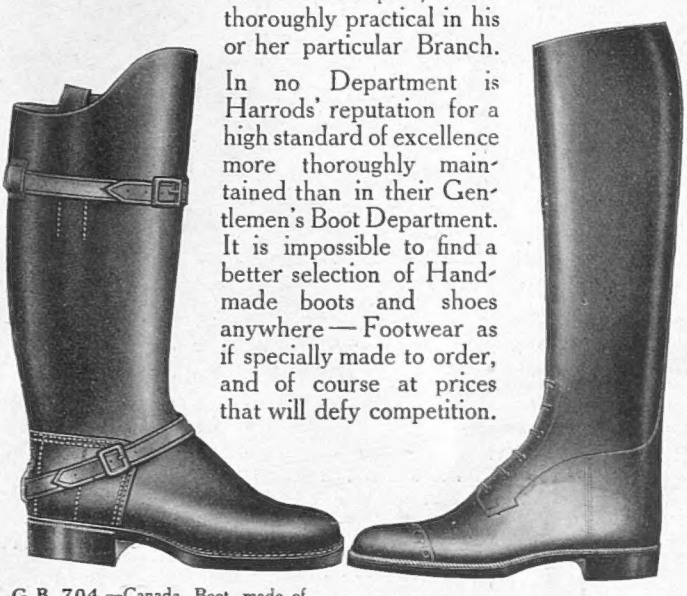
**HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.**

# Harrods

## MILITARY BOOTMAKERS

Every Dept at Harrods is under the careful supervision of an expert, who is thoroughly practical in his or her particular Branch.

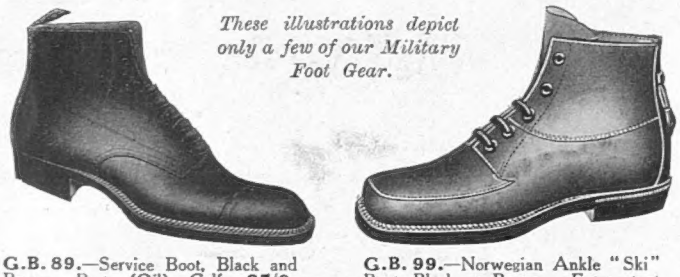
In no Department is Harrods' reputation for a high standard of excellence more thoroughly maintained than in their Gentlemen's Boot Department. It is impossible to find a better selection of Handmade boots and shoes anywhere — Footwear as if specially made to order, and of course at prices that will defy competition.



**G.B. 704.**—Canada Boot, made of extra stout Dull Russet Calf, built by hand to withstand the different conditions prevalent at the Front, **63/-**

**G.B. 18.**—Military Field Boot. Best Brown Stain (Oil) Calf, **70/6** and **84/4.** Same price made to order.

*These illustrations depict only a few of our Military Foot Gear.*



**G.B. 89.**—Service Boot, Black and Brown, Best (Oil) Calf, **25/9, 30/9, 42/-.** Hand-sewn, **50/-** Half-inch thick soles. Absolutely waterproof. Cheaper makes in marching Boots, **16/9** and **21/-**

**G.B. 99.**—Norwegian Ankle "Ski" Boot, Black or Brown, Extra stout Waterproof Calf. First Quality, **42/-** Second Quality, **35/9** Newmarket Boots, Rubber Knee Boots, Leggings, etc., largely stocked.

**HARRODS LTD., LONDON, S.W.**

Richard Burbidge, Managing Director



# The Minty OXFORD VARSITY CHAIR

**Perfect Comfort**

¶ The Ideal Lounge combining luxurious comfort with elegance and durability

**Prices according to length of seat.**

23in. 27in. 30in. 33in. 36in.

**23/- 27/- 30/- 33/- 36/-**

Packed free

Send for Patterns or Coverings to Dept. B

**MINTY** 44, High Street, OXFORD

**Special prices to Hospitals and Officers' Messes.**

# DYEING and FRENCH CLEANING

BY THE

**GARDNER PROCESS**

**BLOUSES** from **1/3**

**DRESSES** „ **3/6**

**GENTS' SUITS 4/6**

Carriage Paid one way.

**Wm. GARDNER & Co. Ltd.**

**PAISLEY, N.B.**

# Garrould's

To H.M. War Office, H.M. Colonial Office, India Office, St. John Ambulance Association, &c.

**All Surgical Implements and Appliances in Stock.**

*Illustrated Catalogue of Nurses Uniforms, &c., Post Free.*

**OFFICIAL COAT FOR THE V.A.D. MEMBERS.**

In Special Grey Serge (for Winter wear), **23/6.**

To special measure, **27/6.**

In Black Cravenette for Summer wear, **27/6.**

Official Hat in best quality Black Felt, post free, **6/11.**

**THE OFFICIAL UNIFORM OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY.**

Made of good quality West of England Serge, **29/6** and **31/6.**

Official Hat in good quality Navy Felt, post free, **5/6.**

**The Regulation Coat and Skirt of the British Red Cross Society.**

In all Wool Serge (for Winter wear), Tailor-made, **42/-.** Also in fine Coating Serge (for war climates), **52/6.**

*Telegrams: "Garrould London."*

**E. & R. GARROULD,** 150-162, EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.



**A Fascinating Pastime**

For Long Evenings and Wet Days

**Try "The Graphic"**

# JIG-SAW PUZZLES.

**Our puzzles are the best value on the market.**

***Write for new Catalogue.***

| | | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 80 pieces, average size | 9 by 6 | 1 | 2 |
| 100 „ „ „ | 11 by 7 | 1 | 6 |
| 125 „ „ „ | 13 by 9 | 2 | 3 |
| 250 „ „ „ | 20 by 12 | 4 | 6 |
| 300 „ „ „ | 20 by 15 | 6 | 6 |
| 400 „ „ „ | 22 by 16 | 8 | 6 |
| 500 „ „ „ | 24 by 16 | 10 | 6 |

*Post Free in the United Kingdom.*

**A splendid selection of artistic pictures are used and are all cut by experts. When ordering please say if for child or adult.**

THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

# Frederick Gorringe

**BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.** Ltd

## Warm Comforts for the Troops

**British-made goods, bought before the advance in prices, & specially goodvalue**

**1200** CARDIGANS in Khaki, all Wool. Exceptional Value, **6/11**

**4000** BODY BELTS, Natural Wool. Each 1/-; **10/6** doz.

**3000** WOOL MITTS, Regulation length, in Grey and Brown mixtures. Pair 6½d.; **6/-** doz.

**3500** Grey Wool SERVICE SOCKS. Pair 1/6; **16/6** doz.

**5400** Knitted WOOLLEN GLOVES in Khaki, Grey and Heather mixtures. Pair 1/6; **17/-** doz.

**3000** Striped UNION FLANNEL SHIRTS Each **2/11**

Convalescent Gown, **12/9**



## *DAINTY UNDERWEAR*

copied and adapted from the most exclusive Paris Models by our own highly skilled British, Belgium and French workers.

NEW PETTICOAT in extra thick rich triple ninon, knife pleated, with five graduated rows of taffeta, with picot edges, and finished with pink ruche. In white, black and pink, or can be made to match any frock.

PRICE **29/6**

SLIP BODICE in Crêpe de Chine or triple ninon for day or evening wear, front fastening, trimmed lace and ribbon, and finished at waist with elastic. In pink, white and black.

PRICE **21/9**

**Debenham & Freebody**

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London.W

"THE GRAPHIC"

# Pictorial Map of the Dardanelles

The most Striking and Intelligent War Map yet produced.

EVERY FORT, HILL AND RIVER CLEARLY SHOWN.

BEAUTIFULLY PRODUCED IN COLOUR.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

POST FREE 8d.

THE PUBLISHER, TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.



# For Wounds and Cuts

POND'S EXTRACT is an ever-ready, all-sufficient first-aid. Sportsmen recognised its worth in days gone by, and now, when they are playing a **greater game**, they find POND'S **still the best** after route marches and all the strenuous incidents of a military life.

**POND'S EXTRACT should be included in every Soldier's Kit and Nurse's Outfit — to them it is invaluable.**

**For bruises, burns, scratches,** and those **minor wounds** which form part of almost every day's round—there is no aid so safe, so speedy in its results, or so easy to administer as POND'S EXTRACT. It instantly checks all bleeding, stops the pain, and promotes **clean** healing. Splendid for **Piles, Varicose Veins, &c.** You cannot make a mistake in using POND'S.

**REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.**

Sold by Chemists, in sealed bottles, with book of full directions, at 1/1½, 2/3, & 4/6, or direct from

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

# Pond's Extract

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

# WAR-TIME FURS
## at War - Time Prices.

*Furs sent on approval in Town or Country.*

A whole skin White Fox Collar with mounted Head and Tail, lined throughout rich White Satin. Price from **£9 10** Muff to match £8 10

PROBABLY there will never again occur such a unique opportunity for securing the wonderful value in Furs as that which is now being offered.

This Company took advantage of the exceptional conditions brought about by the War by purchasing a very large quantity of high-grade skins at considerably below their actual value, and have now made them up in a variety of fashionable models, which are being offered at remarkably low prices.

"*Fashions in Furs*, 1915-1916," *sent Post Free.*

## The INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

*"The World-famed House for the Finest Furs."*

163-165 REGENT STREET, LONDON.W.

## Wolsey's Triumph!

WHAT we have said for years about pure wool, this War has proved for ever. Look at the health of our gallant fighting men amid every weather hardship—what is the secret?

*Every man wears pure wool next his skin!*

Never again let the health-protecting power of wool be questioned. How many a precious life in this great War has pure wool not saved!

And Wolsey is the wool-wear you should choose, for Wolsey offers you such *value* in quality, in fit, in comfort, in service, in reliability, as *you cannot get elsewhere.*

# WOLSEY

**PURE WOOL BRITISH UNDERWEAR**

Made in all garments and sizes for men, women and children. All Wolsey is guaranteed unshrinkable, or replaced Free. *Always be sure to see the Wolsey Mark.*

WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER.

By Royal Appointment.

# "DUVET" CHAIRS

DECORATION.
INTERIOR WOODWORK.
PARQUET FLOORING.
ELECTRIC LIGHTING.
STRUCTURAL WORK.
FURNITURE.
ANTIQUES.
UPHOLSTERY.

BRITISH MANUFACTURED FABRICS.

**WALL PAPERS. DECORATIONS.**

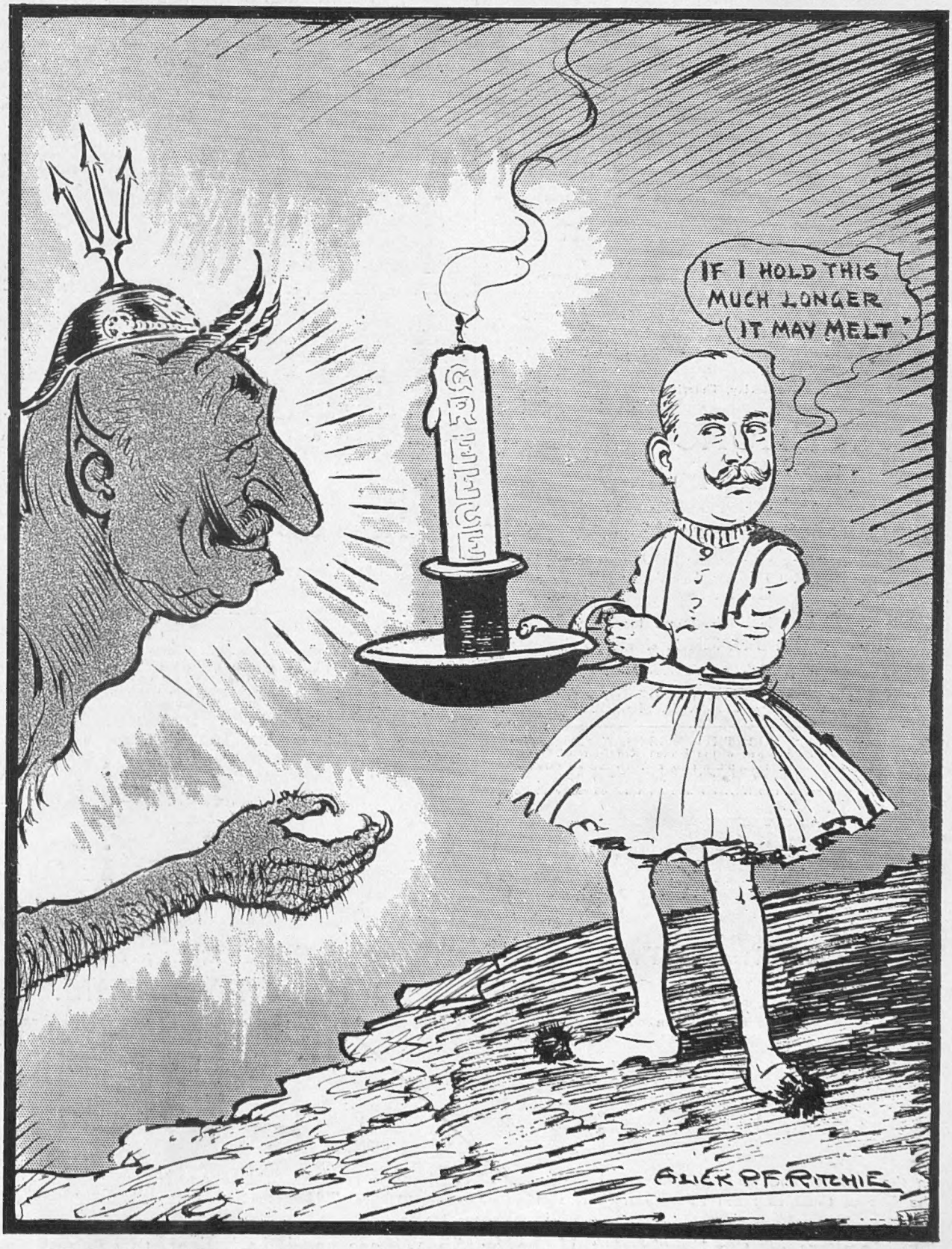
## HOWARD & SONS, LTD.

Manufacturers,

**25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.**

The Bystander, October 13, 1915.—No. 619. Vol. XLVIII

# The BYSTANDER




## HOLDING THE CANDLE TO "HIM"

The Greek Monarch tries an old game that usually has disastrous consequences

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

**EMPIRE.** "WATCH YOUR STEP."
Evenings, at 8.35. Matinée, Saturday, at 2.15.
GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE,
Phyllis Bedells, Lupino Lane. At 8, Varieties and "Pastorale."

**COLISEUM,** CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE in New Ballet "THE DANCER'S ADVENTURE," HELEN HAYE, O. B. CLARENCE & CO. in "THE NEW WORD," by J. M. BARRIE, ADA REEVE, GEORGE ROBEY, WILL EVANS, THE ELLIOTT-SAVONAS, Etc. 7541 Ger.

**LONDON HIPPODROME.** Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
New Production, "PUSH AND GO!" including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORAINE, EDNA MORGAN, HARRY TATE, CHAS. BERKELEY, JAMIESON DODDS, Etc. Tel. Ger. 650.

**PALLADIUM.** ARGYLL STREET.
CHARLES GULLIVER—Managing Director.
The best entertainment at the most comfortable Theatre in London.
Two Performances Daily, 6. and 9.
Matinée, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s. and £1 1s.
Miss Margaret Cooper, Miss Constance Drever, Bransby Williams, Sam Barton, Billy Merson, George Robey, Miss Maidie Scott, Pasquali Bros., The Sylvia Trio, etc.

**DALY'S.** "BETTY," The Musical Play,
GEORGE EDWARDES Production
EVENINGS at 8. MATINÉES, SATURDAYS, at 2.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Telephone—Gerrard 201

**ST. JAMES'S.** Evenings, at 8.15. "THE BIG DRUM,"
A New Comedy by ARTHUR PINERO.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. IRENE VANBRUGH.
ALLAN AYNESWORTH. LEONARD BOYNE.
Matinée, Every Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2.

# THE CHURCH ARMY WAR FUND

SUPPORTS

AMBULANCE CARS at the Front.
RECREATION HUTS in British Camps at home and abroad.
RECREATION ROOMS for Sailors' and Soldiers' Wives in Garrison Towns.
WAR HOSPITAL in North France for Allied Wounded.
SEVERAL OTHER BRANCHES of War Work.

*PLEASE CONTRIBUTE.*

Cheques crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, London, W.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½d. To any other part of the world the weight would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

# P & O and British India

## Mail and Passenger Services.

**Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.**
*Tickets Interchangeable.*

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA.

**Australian Tickets of P & O and Oriental Lines are also interchangeable.**

For particulars of PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL SAILINGS apply at the P & O Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

For particulars of BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; P & O West End Office, 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; or GELLATLEY, HANKEY & Co., Dock House, Billiter Street, E.C.

## P & O Round-the-World Tours.

Handbook on Application.

**"THE CHILDREN'S MODEL FARM HOME."**
A new Educational system. A school adapted for the outdoor Education of Boys and Girls between ages of 6 and 12 years. In addition to all ordinary school subjects the curriculum comprises instruction in Poultry, Dairy, Garden, Bees, Home, Crafts, Dogs, etc. Competitive examinations are held each term. Boys prepared for Preparatory School. Apply for prospectus, Miss Le Patourel, Crosby-on-Eden, Cumberland.

COMFORT IN FRANCE. REALLY MODERATE CHARGES.

PAU. Hotel Continental. 100 Rooms.
POITIERS. Grand Hotel Du Palais. 70 Rooms.
NANTES. Central Hotel. 150 Rooms.

The above three hotels are newly built and offer every modern comfort and convenience. Lifts, Baths (Hot and Cold), Electric Light, Best Cuisine, Perfect Sanitation.

LLANDUDNO.

## CRAIGSIDE HYDRO

AN IDEAL WINTER RESORT.
Russian, Turkish and Sea-water Baths.
COVERED TENNIS COURT.
Golf Links near.
Motor 'Bus meets trains. R. E. MUNRO, Manager.

## THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(*Incorporated under Royal Charter.*)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
*Bankers*—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.


# "Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

*DIRECTIONS.*

Write to the Editor of "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C., for a copy of our

## WAR FORECAST MAP AND ENTRY FORM.

On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

# Prize of £50.

In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

**N.B.—The last date for entering has been extended to October 27.**

# BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

## OUR FATAL FOREIGN POLICY

### A Belated Discovery

WHAT has been happening during the last week has provoked certain organs of opinion to make the very belated discovery—made by THE BYSTANDER many moons ago—that all is not well with the diplomacy of our beloved country. It is at last realised that had our diplomacy been conducted somewhat differently we might be some quarter of a million troops to the good, inasmuch as we should not be waging against the Turks a Dardanelles, a Bagdad, or an Egyptian campaign, and we should not now be about—apparently—to enter upon a Macedonian campaign against the Bulgarians.

***

### Caught Napping

Where Sir Edward Grey went wrong in his *post bellum* diplomacy (it is not yet etiquette to talk of the *ante bellum* variety) was in Constantinople. Things might, and ought to, so have shaped themselves in the Turkish capital that Enver Pasha did *not* embark on war with the *Entente*. That he did so is the result of secret relations between himself and the Germans, which, had we been wideawake, would have been frustrated. Enver has powerful opponents in Turkey. These should have been ranged on our side. If Enver were seen to have gone too far, we should not have waited until he had made all arrangements to join the Germans against us, but have struck a blow first. While Russia this time last year was having it all her own way in Poland and Galicia, she might have sent her Fleet to the Bosphorus and landed an army in Asia Minor, while we on our side could have taken the Dardanelles before breakfast any morning last autumn. With the arrival of the combined Fleets before Constantinople, there would either have been no war, or no Constantinople.

***

### The Policy of Shilly-Shally

Instead of showing such alertness and firmness, we shilly-shallied. Turkey did declare war, she did attack Egypt, and, profiting by our military and naval shilly-shallying, she did fortify the Dardanelles so as to make them practically impregnable. Sir Edward Pears reveals the fact that our Ambassador at Constantinople neither knew Turkish himself, nor did he possess the services on his staff of anybody who did. And this in Constantinople, of all places, the one-time stronghold of British diplomacy! It is enough to make Stratford Canning, Beaconsfield, and Salisbury turn in their graves.

***

### Tragic Blundering

Assuming, however, that the Turk was lost to us, one would at least have supposed that we should have had the Balkan States with us. Now, however, it seems that not only have we lost Bulgaria, but we are not even sure of Greece. We are in face of a possible Balkan League combined with Turkey against us. What a confession of tragic blundering! In diplomatic warfare we have lost all our fortresses and all our trenches and are now hiding behind the ramparts of our alleged honesty.

*Photograph* *Chusseau-Flaviens*

THE RIGHT MAN—IN THE RIGHT PLACE!

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria in his rock-garden at his country seat near Sofia, to which, it is hoped, he will soon be induced by his faithful subjects to return. He shines so much better in peace than in war

***

### Why No Change?

A military commander who had suffered in the field the reverses that have been suffered in diplomacy would long ago have gone into obscurity. Before the war has gone many months along these lines, we shall be at war with all the Balkan States. And instead of demanding a change in *personnel* at the Foreign Office, all our papers will do is to clamour for more soldiers.

***

### A Fact To Be Faced

But the milk is spilt: the question is what now? One believes the Government are giving their attention to the question of our present position in the East. Whether we are to embark on another desperate expedition, this time among the mountains of Macedon, is not as yet disclosed. All we have read is that British detachments, together with some French ones, have landed, and are being "rushed through Greece." One has no doubt whatever that they will perform feats of valour equal to those of another contemptible little army in another place. But it is absurd to be blind to the fact that any army we could put into Macedonia must be enormously outnumbered by the combined Austro-German and

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 49)*

Bulgarian forces, to say nothing of certain Turks who are in the compact.

***

**Russia's Hands Already Full**

Serbia will, of course, fight gallantly. But her case is almost a desperate one. If Greece remains neutral, then what one foresees is the reverse of hopeful. With Greece and Rumania "in," there is, of course, a sporting chance. A Russian army landed on the Black Sea coast also might do wonders. Have we, however, any more reason to hope for such help from our eastern Allies than we have received for our attack on Turkey? If Russia was compelled to look on while our men were being mowed down on her behalf in Gallipoli, is she in any better a position now that she is needed in Bulgaria? One fears that she needs every man she can arm to defend her own lands.

***

**Is It Worth It?**

Possibly some of the more independent members of the Coalition Cabinet will have the firmness to prevent our embarking on further attempts to shed good British blood in atonement for Foreign Office blunders. Perhaps the order will go forth to change our policy in the Balkans by telling the small States frankly and to their faces that if they will not help themselves to preserve their independence they must take the consequences.

***

**One Consolation**

There is only one consolation in the foreign situation: we are all so depressed with ourselves and with each other that instead of resenting the "no treating" order we shall regard it as happily expressive of our attitude of mind. There is no inclination to treat anybody to anything—unless it be certain persons in Whitehall to a dose of intoxicating gas.

***

**A Proviso**

We shall also accept with *sang-froid* any further curtailment of facilities for the consumption of alcohol, under the clear understanding that if and when there is anything to be merry about the places will be temporarily opened.

***

**The Seven**

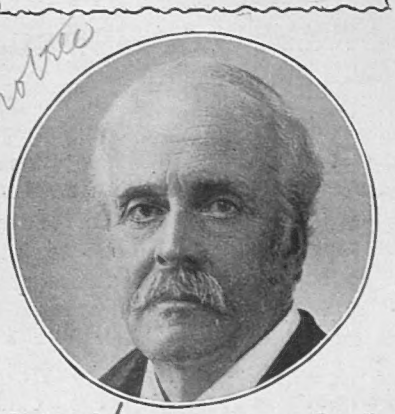
We have not seen our way to agree with the *Times* in some of its war-time methods, but if it is seriously about to devote its great influence to securing a root and branch reform of the whole system of conducting our foreign relations, we shall be with it all the time. Possibly, however, its favourite idea of a Committee of Public Safety—composed of seven members—which is now taking practical shape, will give the public the satisfaction it requires on this question. From reports that reach me, I learn that the field at present includes the following names: Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, Lord Derby, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Reading, and the Minister of War. There would be comprised Intellect, Enterprise, Experience, and Subtlety in war, diplomacy, finance, and law.

***

**The Main Point**

Our little friends in the German Press are giving their attention to Kitchener's army. Those prisoners who fell into their hands are regarded as "unmilitary," in comparison with Germany's own conscript heroes. The main point in our insular, brutal, and mercenary minds is, however, that our imperfect soldiers *took Loos*, and that the German supermen lost it.

## Will There be a Committee of Seven?



*Photograph Russell*
MR. BALFOUR

*Photograph Russell*
SIR EDWARD CARSON

*Photograph Langfier*
LORD DERBY

*Photograph Haines*
MR. LLOYD GEORGE

*Photograph C.N.*
LORD READING

*Photograph Hoppé*
LORD CURZON

*Photograph Bassano*
THE MINISTER OF WAR

We understand that the idea of a Committee of Public Safety, composed of seven members, is making rapid progress. The portraits are of those statesmen whose names are most in favour in the circles which are working for the appointment of the Committee

# Swagger and Swag: or "How Brave Voracius —"

GULIELMUS GERMANICUS: "Wilt help us keep the bridge, Voracius?"

V. CAUTIUS BULGARIUS: "I should rather think I wilt, my boy! Help you to keep any bally thing that belongs to somebody else. That's what we're out for, what?!"

# "IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

LONDON, *October* 11, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

WE *are* going to have a nice, bright, cheerful winter! You should *see* us in London now—

. . . And all around
Was darkness like a wall.

It's only got to get just a little darker, the days a little shorter, and only the bravest of the brave will ever venture out a single minute after tea.

* * *

And talking of courage, I've just met two distinguished heroes from the trenches who had to be led and cajoled and finally pushed across Piccadilly one of these misty nights lately, they were *so* terrified. And people straight from the war-zone wonder what it's all about—seems they don't worry about little things like bright headlights over there, where enemy aircraft are all part of the day's work, of course.

"Distinguished heroes from the trenches had to be led, cajoled, and finally pushed across Piccadilly"

* * *

We shall get used to it, I suppose. We may even get to like it—if we live to tell the tale, that is—you rather take your life in your hands nowadays when you cross, say, Whitehall after nightfall. Those Government cars and the ones with all the letters on do boost along a bit, and you *should see* them take the corners. And there *are* villages in England, you know, where they wouldn't have the streets lighted for anything, Zeps or no Zeps. Interferes with courting, so they say. And we don't want to do that, do we, not in these husbands-at-a-premium days?

* * *

But what'll happen to the theatres and the cinemas and concert halls and places I can't think. Suppose they'll take to matinées—which won't be fearfully festive, will it? Not that *that* matters in war-time, except for the sake of the men on leave, who always seem to come home simply panting for a real night out. Still, the amusement places can't complain, I don't think, whatever happens.

* * *

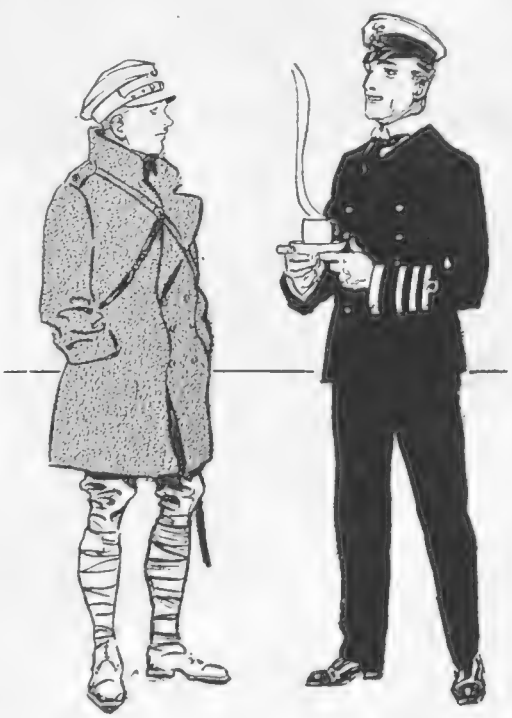
The wonder is that they've managed to do so well this dreadful year, and some you know have been regularly making records. The French can't get over it to this day—our point of view in these matters. And then there are those funguses of night clubs, that even the Bishops have just discovered. Strange and rather shameful, isn't it, that such things should have thriven and multiplied at such a time—England at the parting of the ways and every day such casualty lists as we could never have imagined?

* * *

Still, we're not renouncing quite all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, even if we don't go out so much o' nights. I suppose the situation was never tenser—that Balkan business is very worrying, whichever way you look at it, and doesn't make things any easier. By the way, after the war I guess diplomacy will be one of the "ruined" trades, don't you, or ought to be? The *way* they've messed up *everything!*

* * *

Another front to fight on, it makes one's brain whirl to think of it, not to speak of the effect on the Dardanelles. *And* our new offensive in Flanders. But I read of "keen" crowds at Newmarket, and there's opera and one or two new plays—but the men can't stand each other drinks between the acts now, you know.



"He always feeds him on his best cocoa before he wafts him into the unknown"

* * *

And several war weddings as usual, and a bridge tournament in Park Lane to provide pure milk for babes, tickets only two guineas (but there are prizes), oh! and the House meeting again—that's always a bit of light relief. They've just had another holiday, you know, a compulsory one this time. The P.M. got so bored with them and, besides, there was serious business on hand. And actually a picture show this week, the International.

* * *

Which has been very freely advertised by a rumour that Winston's to be an exhibitor—you've got to have a big attraction these days to get people to come to

peace-time shows like this. Seems a funny thing to do in war-time—doesn't it? painting water-colours, but I suppose you need special relaxation after the strenuous life of the Duchy of Lancaster.

* * *

By the way, talking of the ex-ruler of the waves, every single soldier-man now has to wear a life-belt crossing the Channel, and because of leaving no tracks for enemy submarines it's more than their life's worth to chuck their bully-beef tins in the water as of old. Which means, of course, a lot of fatigue work and more cursing when they get to Havre, they tell me. Tommy's not a crank about eating neatly at the best of times.

* * *

Which reminds me that a sailorman who puts "your little tin soldiers," as he calls them (though they're not *all* mine, you know) aboard the boats for France and the East, has just informed me that all short-service systems are fatal to discipline. Or, in other words, that as things are the tempy. sec. lieuts. and people don't do things quite so by rule of thumb as the real, regular ones used to. I quite agree, and a good thing too, I think, in a way.

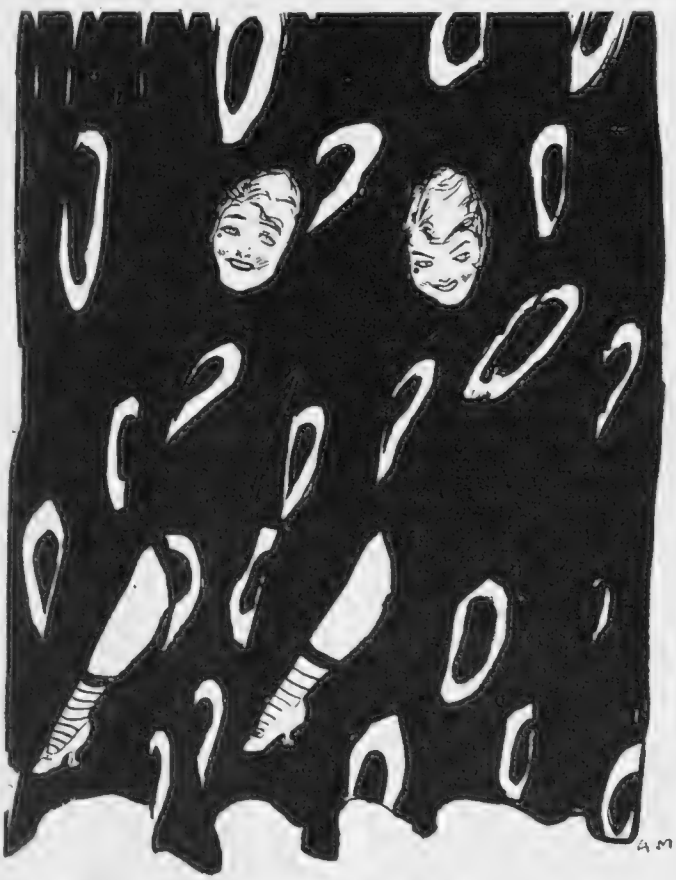
* * *

Discipline's a fine thing in its own way, of course, and I know it's necessary sometimes, but you can have too much of it — so much that you lose all initiative. And there's no denying that some of the bravest deeds in this war — like the advance of the Anzacs in Gallipoli — have been done by men who weren't — well, absolutely bred and brought up on discipline.

* * *

But he's a nice man, my sailorman who says it, so I'll forgive him, also because he "always feeds them on his best cocoa" before he "wafts them into the unknown." And also 'cos he's written me such a very *hearty* poem all about barbettes and storm-cones and things, which ends up:

However dark the sky, we shall weather it forbye,
Our girls clap on the hawser with a will;
And in spite of all commotion, we will sweep the German Ocean
And *strafe* the grass-grown fleet of Kaiser Bill.
So help us watch and pray, for that famous toasted "Day,"
When they summon up the pluck to put to sea.
If the sea-wolves leave their lair, we shall fight them clean and fair,
And we know that BLANCHE will pray for you and me.



"French Revue, you know, is simply not done without socks—positively there's hardly anything else in some of the scenes"

Of course. And praying reminds me, all the appeals have begun again—you know, for mufflers and mittens, socks and shirts, puddings and pipes, games and gramophones, tobacco and toffee, etc., etc. Of course, we're all simply dying to do simply everything we possibly can for our splendid men who are doing everything for us, and nothing we can do is enough. But all the same, at five millions a day—isn't that what the war's just going to cost us?—you'd think they might manage to screw out just enough for the mufflers and mittens, if not the socks and shirts. It does keep us employed, though, and out of mischief, some of us. Perhaps that's the W.O.'s idea.

* * *

Quite like old times, by the way, it was last week, reading how the Lord Chamberlain, who hasn't got much to do these days, had told the ladies in *Honi Soit* . . ., one of the French revues that are having a regular innings here just now, how they'd absolutely got to wear stockings in it instead of socks, which shocked him.

* * *

Must have been a horrid blow, too, for the ladies, mustn't it? French revue, you know, is simply not done without socks—positively there's hardly anything else in some of the scenes. And they do give such a piquantly childlike touch to even the most sophisticated leg.

* * *

It's being said that because of "lack of funds" America's withdrawing all, or nearly all, her Red Cross surgeons and nurses from the European battle-field. I am surprised, aren't you? I've met a few, and I quite thought they owned the earth and were running all the Red Crosses on it. Also, I'd no idea the poor old U.S.A. was so hard up as all that.

* * *

But if it's true I can't help thinking it's very near the limit. Of course, there's no real call on them to do anything. Still, England has been useful, if only in providing a refuge for half America's millionaires and titles for its dollared daughters. You'd think it would be only good business, wouldn't you—not to put it too highly—just to keep a few Red Cross shows going?

With love,
yours ever,
BLANCHE

# The War Week by Week

THE BALKANS : FRANCE : RUSSIA. BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

TEN days ago it still seemed worth while to rake over the embers of the Balkan War in view of our being joined at the eleventh hour by Bulgaria, for whose relief we raised funds when the great Mr. Gladstone wrote his stirring pamphlet on Bulgarian Horrors, which I have just re-read after an interval of nearly forty years. Mr. Gladstone commends Mr. Pears, of Constantinople, "correspondent of the *Daily News* for Bulgaria," whose Memoirs—he is now Sir Edwin Pears—now appear at a most opportune moment. But lo! "the unspeakable Turk" is now hand in glove with his former victim, and, moreover, under the ægis of the Yahoos of modern Christendom he is perpetrating a parallel series of crimes in Armenia, to which I called attention in THE BYSTANDER a month ago.

* * * * *

Upon the assumption that Bulgaria was for the *Entente* I was curious to discover how her French-trained army two years ago contrived to reach the Lines of Bulair without any more aid from sea power than was afforded by the Greek fleet, because I have always thought—and still think—that there must be another way of tackling the Turk than *via* Gallipoli. The next phase of my inquiry postulated that Greece as our ally could, and would, utilise the coast railway to Dedeagatch in conjunction with a landing of a Franco-British force at Enos, to operate against Bulgaria from the south. But schemes on this basis also came to naught by the decision of Greece to keep the peace—if she can.

* * * * *

Then a third situation was created by the cable news, which after boxing the compass definitively pointed to the Nish-Salonica railway as the line of operation of a force of unknown strength, including British under an anonymous commander. But will its right flank be secure during its progress through neutral territory? That is a burning question in days when all the Hague Rules are treated as waste paper. Beyond the Greek frontier the line between Uskub and Nish is in unpleasant proximity to Sofia. The Serbian problem is, of course, to hold the line from Nish to Belgrade, since its loss would open direct communication between Austria and Bulgaria, and so unite Germany and Turkey unless we could break the branch line beyond Adrianople by an invasion of Bulgaria from the south. What is only too clear is that the Austro-German armies will have received a reinforcement of some 300,000 men from the moment the Bulgarian army gets on the march, and that Rumania has awakened rather late to the use made of her communications during the past twelvemonth to pour munitions of war into Bulgaria and Turkey, from Skoda and Essen.

* * * * *

"The infantry is mad with enthusiasm. At last we are going ahead. Here at last is regular campaigning—true warfare; and with our formidable artillery supporting us so well we are surely going to continue." So spoke a French private after the action in Champagne, and he voiced the aspirations of not only the French army, but of the whole military world. But it was not to be. Why, we know not; and yet we feel more than ever disposed to trust *Père* Joffre since the events of last month. There is no use denying that we had become more than a little anxious. Some even feared that our Generalissimo might be suffering from that form of hypnotism which is produced—as military history shows—by what is now called trench warfare and used to be known as passive defence.

* * * * *

We know now that the French General Staff is on the *qui vive*, and we must put down the momentary halt to the need for recuperation; in other words, the enemy is stronger than was supposed, and refuses to be chased out of France by the troops that attacked him on September 26. Then there is the eternal question of shells. Even during the advance a French soldier estimated that his guns fired ten shells to the enemy's two, and some were 270mm. or 11-inch projectiles. Fabulous stories are told of the expenditure of ammunition last month in preparing the attack. We are assured that this prolonged bombardment saves life in the attack, but the military authorities are chary about declaring their losses, and judging by such casualty lists as have reached England, it may be doubted whether our resources in *personnel* are yet equal to the drain involved by many such encounters as took place about Loos.

* * * * *

The taking of Tahure in Champagne by the French brings the Grand Pré-Reims railway within easy artillery range, but unluckily the line is here in cutting or in tunnel, and, therefore, cannot be shelled—at least, by direct fire. To what extent air attacks are being made on this German line of *ravitaillement* we are not told. A movement down the Aisne Valley on Grand Pré or Vouziers must be among the possibilities of the situation if the Argonne defences are what we are led to expect.

* * * * *

The Austro-German advance on Serbia by the armies of Generals Kovess and Gallwitz under Marshal von Mackensen is an enterprise full of danger unless terms have been made with Rumania, whose army, moving westward by Widin, might seize the invader's communications; and it remains to be seen how all these recent developments will affect the Russian armies, which seem now to be experiencing some relief; for the Riga region is still held by General Russzky, and General Ivanoff is reaching southwards to Czernowitz, while General Ewerts covers Dvinsk. Presently the Kaiser's bubble will prove large enough to be pricked.

# A Peeress Widowed by the War

LADY PETRE

Daughter of the Hon. John Boscawen, and grand-daughter of the sixth Viscount Falmouth, whose husband, Lord Petre of the Coldstream Guards (inset), has died of wounds received in action during the recent fighting in France at the age of twenty-five. They were married in 1913, and their only son, born in 1914, succeeds to the Barony

*Photographs Lallie Charles*

# TO WHAT END?

## A FEW PLAIN WORDS TO THE EARL OF DERBY

WE wish Lord Derby every success in his new post as Director of Recruiting. There is, apparently, to be a continuance, for awhile, of what is called Voluntarism. The success of Voluntarism depends on a state of *willingness to fight* on the part of the mass of the people. It was willingness to fight that brought Lord Kitchener success for his first two appeals for men last autumn. Without such willingness the appeal would have fallen as flat as the Germans professed to believe it did, and compulsion would have had to be instituted twelve months ago. If the latest recruiting "rallies" have fallen flat, the reason can only be either that the eligible men are not there—which is absurd—or that, being there, they are unwilling to fight.

THE NEW CHIEF DIRECTOR OF RECRUITING

This unwillingness has to be overcome, and if sensational posters appealing to patriotism, to horror, to shame, and to other emotions, coupled with speeches by orators of the Bottomley type and clever newspaper advertising dodges, have failed to bring new armies into being there must be something wrong either with the public itself or with the methods of appealing to it. For ourselves, we do not believe that there is anything wrong with the public mind of any country save that which has been wrought by the Government of that country. If there is anything wrong with the minds of the Germans, for instance—blind, unreasoning hatred of non-German nations—that is the result of the poison instilled into their minds by the propagandists of kultur. If there is anything wrong with the British public mind—apathy insensitiveness to danger, unreasoning optimism—that also is the fault of the lack of education into the facts of the situation.

What Lord Derby has, among other things, to see to is that steps are taken to supply this defect of education. The class of the public that is the least willing to come forward in large numbers is said to be not the working-class, but the middle-class, the reason for the defection being that this class has too great a stake in the country to be able to make the sacrifices involved by throwing over business and domestic responsibilities. The "slacker" is "comfortable," it seems; or he is dog-tied by the conditions of his employment, or by the need to support womenfolk and children. He can only move if his interests and responsibilities are guaranteed against his becoming a "casualty." He will move either (1) if those interests are guaranteed, or (2) if the appeal to him to throw all responsibilities overboard is so strong as to be irresistible.

Lord Derby may be in a position to offer some official consideration to the claims of the responsible middle-class to have their liabilities taken over by a grateful State. If, for instance, A is the sole mainstay of a business in which he has invested all his capital; or B is keeping an enterprise going for a partner who has enlisted; or C has a family to keep, and departure on foreign service is going to leave business and family "stranded," has the State anything to offer such people? If it has not, if Lord Derby can only appeal to patriotism, then such an appeal will be most effective if it follows enlightenment on many questions of fact and policy connected with the aims and conduct of the war.

What Lord Derby must see to is that the ground he is sowing on is properly prepared: that the public to which he is making his last desperate appeal knows something about the policy of the Government in bringing this war to a conclusion, and how near we are to reaching it. So far as the public is able to judge the actual military operations, we see colossal expenditure of life and shell, but only the most insignificant change in the positions of the hostile armies. Such changes may "demoralise" the enemy, but there is not much to prove that his sufferings under the strain are appreciably greater than our own. If the object for which the country is fighting is to bring about such a situation that the enemy is forced to make peace, then some inkling ought to be given of what kind of situation would meet that purpose, and if to bring about a diplomatic peace is now our chief object the sooner Mr. Asquith's dramatic declaration about not "sheathing the sword until Prussian militarism is crushed" is altered or abandoned the better. He need not trouble about his consistency. The times are far too bloody for refinements of that kind.

The British nation has already invested in the Government's great scheme for "crushing" the Germans some three millions of its human possessions. That represents the extent of its spontaneous sacrifice on the altar of Romance. The next sacrifice must be to Reality. The hero has gone, in his hundreds of thousands, and may the war not lay too heavy a hand on a breed that Britain can ill spare. Left behind are no heroes, only men of business. If they are wanted, such is the nature of the beast that the appeal must be a business one, the command one that is understood. Otherwise it is unlikely, at all events, to be undertaken voluntarily.

The alternative is compulsion, of course. But even the institution of compulsory service in this old liberty-loving country is not likely to succeed unless the country has a great deal clearer idea than it has at present of the use to which the conscripts are to be put. If a million and a half more men are to be forced away from productive industries there must be seen at the end of their long servitude some hope of a happy release for the country for which they fight. There must be some more satisfactory place of destination for the Empire than a diplomatic Black Hole of Calcutta.

# War Types to-Date—No. 1

THE MAN WHO MET A MAN LAST NIGHT WHO KNEW IT FOR A FACT

*BY SUB-LIEUT. ARTHUR WATTS, R.N.V.R*

# "The Bystander" in Berne

## MORE TALKS WITH REAL LIVE TEUTONS

IN those dear far off days when the war had only just started I, like other people, fondly hoped that when once the Germans learned the truth they would turn on their militarists and turn out their Junkers. After which they would thank us nicely for teaching the Kaiser a lesson, and thereby freeing Germany from the dominion of militarism. Of course, just for the moment they were hoodwinked and deceived. The German Government kept all English papers out of the country, but the day would come when a stray copy of the *Daily Mail* would find its way to Berlin, and then—"Get ready to shout." It is rather a shock to discover that since the war began you could read all the English and French papers in any Berlin café or buy them on any German kiosk.

The Germans I met were, of course, uproariously confident as to the upshot of the war. But when you pressed them for details they seemed a shade less happy. They could see their way as far as France and Russia were concerned, but England was a puzzle. "Supposing we say," I used to ask them, "All right. You've beaten France and Russia, granting that you do, which you won't, what then? We withdraw our armies and sink every ship of yours that puts its face outside Kiel. What then? Where's your overseas trade? What about poor old Ballin? What price preferred shares in the Nord Deutscher Lloyd?"

"Oh, but you will make peace all right. And if you don't we shall make you."

"But how?"

"We shall go to Egypt. Yes we shall—even if it takes us twenty years. We are now building a line from Jerusalem to the Suez, and when we have hacked our way through Serbia and joined up with the Turks through Bulgaria we shall first throw your Englishmen into the Ægean, then arm another million Turks, and send them down to Egypt. You will see."

"These old Tyrolese fellows, who have been hunting chamois all their lives, are dead shots"

None the less, England is the end of the stick they like least, and England's idiotic ignorance of what constitutes a defeat on points is very trying to the Teuton. There is no doubt Germany is as tired of this war as the most war-weary of her foes. Unfortunately it is also certain that she has the power and the inclination to fight for many years if she cannot get "reasonable" terms out of the Allies.

Austria is far less enthusiastic. The Germans do not think very much of the Austrians, and privately they will confide in you that the Austrian is a week-end fighter. The Austrian, on the other hand, does not pretend to be amused by the war. He is far less bitter against England. There is a little paper produced in Innsbruck which has been preparing the ground for the welcome return of English tourists. The other day two German officers escaped from one of our internment camps. They were recaptured and given light sentences. This little Innsbruck paper appeared with a heading in large type. "Escaped German Officers given very light and merciful sentences." But it must not be imagined that Austria is anxious to break away from Germany. She is not.

"One of the surprises of the war," said an Austrian in my presence, "has been the way that Austria has hung together. Before the war we were thirteen or fourteen different nations. Now we are one. The only people who have given trouble are the Czechs. We lost the battle of Belgrade owing to the desertion of the Bohemians, three regiments. A friend of mine was in command of a battery at that battle, and he turned it on to the Bohemians. But they got away. They were less successful, though, in the Carpathians. They sent a *parlementaire* over to their brother Slavs and kindly offered to surrender, but the messenger made a slight mistake—it was at night—and gave the message to a Bavarian. They surrounded that regiment and shot all the officers and every fourth man. The rest they parcelled out among German regiments, who gave them a hot welcome. By a pretty coincidence the name of that regiment was the Victor Emmanuel—pretty appropriate! But all the other Austrian subjects have come out all right. The Croat Serbs saved us when the Bohemians deserted at the battle of Belgrade.

"Even the Trentino hasn't been so bad. The lawyer and official class and the young students

THE BYSTANDER IN BERNE (*concluded from page 58*)

are for Italy, but the peasant is loyal enough. He can sell his wine very well to Vienna now that he's in our customs boundary, but make him Italian and he'll have to compete with the vine districts of Italy. Besides, you know, we aren't Prussia. We treat our subject peoples pretty well. Why thousands of Poles crossed over from Russia into Galicia when the war began and volunteered to fight for us."

"Yes, that's true," said a Swiss, "I was in Trentino when the war began, and there was quite a riot because they wouldn't allow men of over sixty to volunteer against Italy. These old Tyrolese fellows, who have been hunting chamois all their lives, are dead shots. They sit up in those rocks and take pot shots at the Italians."

The internal changes in Germany are none the less far-reaching. A Swiss doctor who had served for six months in a German hospital told me that the German Army was becoming much more democratic. The old social barrier between the regular officers and the officers of the reserve has entirely vanished. Not only that—even the Prussian officer has learned to treat his men as human beings. There is a new *camaraderie* between the officers and the men which is very noticeable. Even I, a foreigner, could see this change coming. But at the same time the future is full of anxiety for the Junkers. This war has welded the German nation together in a remarkable way. A German diplomatist said to me that if Germany had known how the people would have backed the war they would not have stood the humiliation of the Agadir settlement. They would have fought then. But all the same, the Social Democratic Party are not going to return to the old *régime*. I had a lot of young Socialists as patients. They all said the same thing. "While the war is on we all hang together because we believe that Germany had to fight. It is for us a war of self-defence. But after the war we shall not disarm till we have marched together to the Prussian Diet and seen that the voting system is reformed. We have given our blood just as much and just as readily as those others. Yes, things will happen when the War is over."

On the subject of atrocities the German waxes very indignant. He will produce an official White Book dealing with alleged atrocities committed by Russians and French and Belgians, and he will deny with emphasis that the Germans have ever been guilty of anything but justifiable severity against *franc-tireurs*. I was taxing a middle-aged family man who lives in Berne with the Bryce report, and he replied: "I was through the Belgian campaign. I was one of the first to go, and I tell you I marched ten, twenty, thirty miles a day. When at last they let me lie down I was so tired that if Cleopatra had walked into our bivouac we should just have blinked at her and gone to sleep again. Of course, when trench warfare began Cleopatra might have aroused more interest, but I was wounded long before then, and I can only tell you what I saw. As for looting, it was all I could do to carry my damned sack. I had no room to spare for Belgian heirlooms, and I couldn't have sent anything home because the Field Post Office wouldn't have accepted parcels."

OLIVER KINGSMILL

**Another article by the same author next week**

**"If Cleopatra had walked into our bivouac we should just have blinked at her and gone to sleep again"**

# The Bystander in PARIS

## THE RECEPTION OF THE GREAT NEWS.

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE story used to be told about two well-known actor-managers whom circumstances had forced into a partnership. One of the two owned the theatre, and the other one was sometimes inclined to think that he owned it and the earth. But, of course, actor-managers do not quarrel, as lesser folk might do. They make occasional epigrams about each other, when they don't agree, and rude journalists get hold of them and print them. One afternoon the partner who owned the theatre sat with his secretary and planned new schemes of conquest. All of a sudden the tyre of a motor cab burst in the street below. "Good Heavens!" said actor-manager, starting to his feet, "I knew it would happen. There goes poor X.'s head!"

—•••—

It would do a great deal to reduce the swelling of the Kaiser's head if he could have a glimpse of London and of Paris just at present. I don't know what his spies are telling him about us, but I am sure that it is not the truth. No doubt he imagines that London murmurs in its sleep of Zeppelins, and that Paris burst into an eruption of the Allied flags and paraded the streets cheering when the news from the Western front came in the other day. Paris, however, is not Berlin. And the way in which Paris took the news should give the German Emperor furiously to think, if the explosion in his head has not yet occurred.

•••—

There was a matinée at the Cigale that Sunday afternoon. It was crowded with wounded and unwounded soldiers on leave, and the audience were thoroughly enjoying the show, which is neither better nor worse than the average war-time revue. All of a sudden the stage-manager stepped to the footlights. The knowing ones began to think of the dog about whom they would shortly have an opportunity of seeing a man, and prepared to leave their places until the piece of recalcitrant scenery had been got into working order, or the leading lady had been pacified, or whatever was wrong had been set right. One or two more knowing ones still listened for the clanging of an overhead Zepp. But it wasn't that. "I have good news to announce," said the stage-manager and in a quiet voice he read the *communiqué*. Nobody moved while he read it. When he had finished,

FRANÇOIS DE CROISSET

The well-known dramatist, who now wears the uniform of a French Infantry officer

A CARICATURE BY JEAN GAST

everybody turned to shake hands with the nearest soldier. One excited Zouave stood up, waved a crutch, and shouted "Bravo, *les poteaux*," which means, "Well done, old pals," or as nearly that as matters. And then one of the actresses made a sign to the musical conductor, and sang the "Marseillaise." The little theatre rocked with the national hymn. Then everyone sat down to enjoy the performance again. Before we left, the welcome news was shown in detail on the screen, and we all stood and read it while the national hymns of the Allies were played. There wasn't any cheering. Paris has her dignity. But everybody was friends with everybody else in the street, when we got outside, and one old lady voiced the general feeling. "*Enfin*," she said, "*we* are beginning at last!"

—•••—

But the "at last" feeling, voiced like that by a dear old lady who has two sons and a husband in French uniforms, has been somewhat unfortunately expressed by a London newspaper, and that newspaper's unhappy way of putting things has again offended a good many of our Allies. Parisians were very much annoyed when, right across the front page of the London *Daily Mail*, they read in big black type the message, "**TWO REAL VICTORIES AT LAST.**" It was felt here that it would have been more diplomatic for a London newspaper to have expressed its pleasure at the triumph of the Allied forces on the Western front with less ambiguity. Nobody could doubt the victories.

—•••—

There is no pessimism anywhere in France just now. There is no unreasoning or unreasoned optimism either. Men are doing every kind of work they can, women are knitting socks, keeping the soup kitchens going, nursing in the hospitals, and helping as women alone can help to make the men who are fighting as comfortable as possible. There is no business as usual, yet, for nothing will be as usual in France till the Germans are pushed out of the country. But the spirit of the country is giving strength to the push, and confidence is everywhere. "We are sure to be victorious," a German prisoner in Brittany remarked to a sentry. "Are you? Then go on shovelling dirt," said the Breton peasant, calmly.

—•••—

An interesting sidelight on that confidence in the war's ending is the difficulty which one has,

(Continued on page 64)

# Potting at Them by Periscope

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

## THE "ARTFUL DODGER" OF THE TRENCHES

Among newly-devised weapons of trench warfare the periscope rifle will soon probably be an accomplished fact. Our illustration shows an ingenious contrivance in use in the French army which marks considerable progress in its evolution. An ordinary service rifle is fitted with an auxiliary stock pitched at a much lower level and surmounted by a periscope with the aid of which the marksman can take aim and fire without exposing himself behind the loophole

# They're

## FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THE FIRST LINE AT SOUCH

This striking picture taken in the first line of trenches at Souchez on September 18 gives a good idea of the state of tension which exists when an attack is pending. The German trenches manned by Bavarians are only fifty yards distant; the order given by their officers to advance has been overheard;

# Coming!

## EZ IN READINESS TO REPEL A COUNTER ATTACK

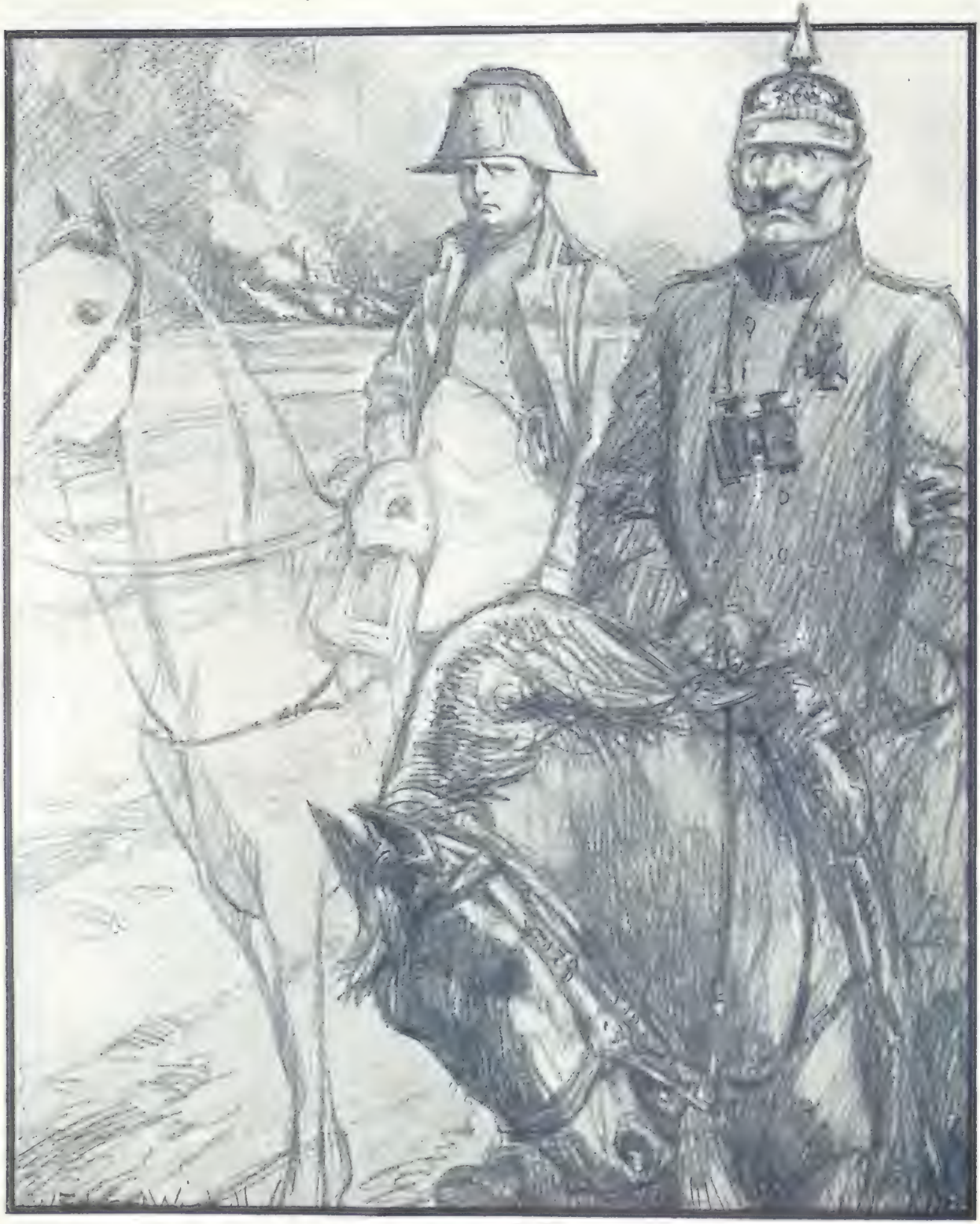
and the rush will come in the next few seconds. The watchers stand with their rifles ready and behind them are men with hand-grenades ready for hurling among the oncoming ranks. All the men, it will be noted, are wearing the new steel casquets with which the French Army is now equipped

*THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS* (*concluded from page 60*)

nowadays, in meeting anybody here in Paris who remembers anything at all about Bordeaux. About a year ago there were, I understand, a good many Parisians in Bordeaux. Now, when anybody in Paris mentions Bordeaux at all it is always with the added information that he was there, of course, before the war. And the surest way to bring about a quarrel is to suggest that the man you want to quarrel with had better go back there.

We sha'l have no bunting a-flutter in the Ville Lumière, and life in Paris will not be itself again until the last German has gone back to Germany. But there is every sign that Parisians are quite ready for a certain amount of quiet amusement once more, and I think that before very long many of the theatres will reopen. The music halls are opening rapidly, and by the time these lines appear in print most of them, including the Folies Bergères, will be playing to crowded audiences. The Alhambra will reopen in November. Before then there will be new plays and old plays at most of the theatres. Efforts are being made to run the Paris Tubes till midnight once again, and there is talk of keeping restaurants and cafés open a good deal later than half-past ten. Now that the eleven o'clock *communiqué* has become such pleasant reading, Parisians want to be able to sit about and discuss it. *Voilà!*

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

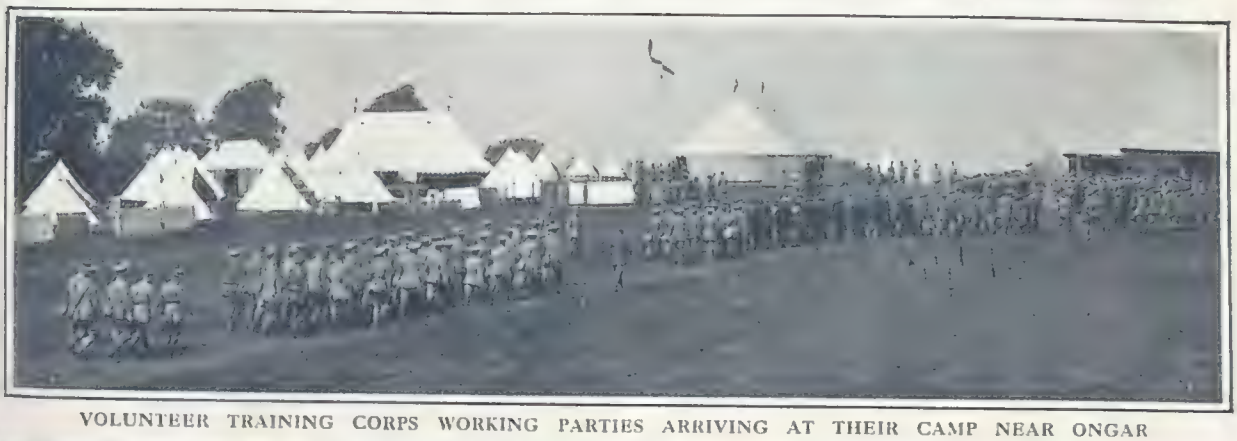


1812—1915

SHADE OF NAPOLEON: "Nice place Russia, eh?"

# Unpaid, Unsworn, Unarmed

## YET DOING THE SAME WORK AS REGULARS AND TERRITORIALS



VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS WORKING PARTIES ARRIVING AT THEIR CAMP NEAR ONGAR

NO. 1 COMPANY, 5th BATTALION, ESSEX VOLUNTEER REGIMENT, MARCHING INTO CAMP AFTER MANŒUVRES NEAR ONGAR

*Photographs* G.P.U.

A VOLUNTEER CORPS AT TRENCH WORK IN AN ESSEX WOOD

The accusation is often hurled at the V.T. Corps that the movement is a waste of time—usually by men who are doing little or nothing in the way of war work. And yet in spite of twelve months of official discouragement the men of the V.T.C. are digging trenches and undergoing other strenuous training in the same way that thousands of Territorials are doing—the only difference being that they are doing the work *in addition* to their usual occupations, and *at their own expense*. The above photographs go to show that "playing at soldiers" may mean rather more than "good healthy fun"

# The Legion of Lost Leagues

## SOME WAR CASUALTIES THAT ARE LITTLE REGRETTED

BY A POLITICIAN

THE Union Defence League has, of course, gone. After blood-letting over two continents no one will care twopence for an Ulster rising.

The Tariff Reform League may, of course, hang on till the next Budget. We all of us hope that we may do the same. But some of us have doubts. Certainly, however, by then we shall tumble over one another to lump on to the foreigner, or anyone else, all the debts we cannot pay ourselves. The Tariff Reform League will go arm-in-arm with the Cobden Club, and no one but the bereaved secretaries will shed a tear. . . .

All sorts of other Leagues are dying day by day. Many of them did little more than issue an annual report to lie about what they had not done. Their secretaries having garnered in the annual subscriptions, devoted, as a rule, the rest of the year to assuring the subscribers that the staff salaries did not mop up the money.

There are all kinds of crazy, cranky, Churchy Leagues. Of course they are feeling a very bad draught. The war is developing a "money" sense in lots of us. Indeed, we are becoming sensibly selfish. Every man for himself and the Leagues to the devil is our cry.

Poor Leagues and still poorer Secretaries ! ! !

There is one League, however, which has outleagued all Leagues. It is the National Service League, of Victoria Street, Westminster. It has been in business for some years. It has been an amazingly successful one so far as the collection of money goes. It has been given many tens of thousands of pounds, and it has a splendid and delightfully appropriate motto: "The path of duty is the path of safety."

Evidently this League believes that success would be very unsafe. It appears to be making no effort to succeed in its demand for National Service. When the war broke out and National Service became instantly urgent, the National Service League of Victoria Street, Westminster, had the presence of mind to go to sleep. It seems to have been to sleep ever since. Duty and safety joined hands over the pillow. The granting of National Service would have been followed by the funeral rites of the League. That was too mournful an event for the organisers of the League to contemplate.

A little later, when many of the League's supporters, chafing at the League's inaction, had joined another organisation which was not asleep—which was really very much alive—which was holding meetings and getting very busy—the National Service League of Westminster very nearly woke up. It did not quite wake up, but it went so far as to talk in its sleep. It collected more funds. After that, having successfully provided for a prolonged and affluent old age, it slipped away into those deep slumbers which it still enjoys, leaving a lustier newcomer to do all the work.

Probably the reader does not subscribe to the National Service League of Victoria Street. None the less the issues raised here are quite important. Our own view is that the National Service League of Victoria Street should do one of two things:

1. Seeing that it appears to be doing nothing, it should return to those subscribers the money which was given it to enable it to do a good deal; or
2. The League should really wake up and honestly do that work for which the money was given.

## What They Said Last Year

"*The war has now lasted some ten weeks, and if the magnitude of the German effort stands out, still more striking is the paucity of reward with which it has met.*"

"*The Allied army of the West . . . is victorious, and is driving the Germans back on their own frontiers.*"—DAILY NEWS, October 10, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*It is already fairly clear at what stage the winter is likely to find us. France will almost certainly be free or almost free of her invaders. Germany with almost equal certainty will not.*"—H. W. Massingham's Article, DAILY NEWS, October 10, 1914.

. . . . . .

Headline:

"*RUSSIAN STRATEGY: LURING THE GERMANS INTO THE COLD POLISH REGION.*"—DAILY NEWS, October 12, 1914.

. . . . . .

Headline:

"*INVADERS WEARING OUT.*"—DAILY NEWS, October 15, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*Turkey will not be a very valuable accession to Germany. Her intervention in the war would assuredly bring much more powerful countries into line with the Allies, and might do much to hasten the developments of the war in their favour.*"—DAILY NEWS, October 15, 1914.

. . . . . .

"*It will not be easy for the Germans to hunt the Belgian Government out of its country altogether.* [Government moved to France six days later.]—DAILY CHRONICLE, October 8, 1914.

. . . . . .

Headline:

"*BERLIN'S POVERTY. THE WELL-TO-DO BEGGING IN THE STREETS,*"—DAILY CHRONICLE, October 8, 1914.

# The Naval Battle-Picture of the Future

## MAKING THINGS EASIER FOR THE MARINE ARTIST

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF 1916

In view of the recent Admiralty announcement that no photograph, silhouette, drawing or picture showing any of his Majesty's ships is to be published, offered for sale, etc., our artist has endeavoured to indicate the sort of pictures which we may expect of future sea-fights as the outcome of this prohibition:—No. I. THE PURSUIT: Destroyers in sight of the enemy. No. II. THE ENGAGEMENT: The greatest sea-fight in the world's history. (Inset a portrait of the victorious Admiral.) No. III. THE VICTORS' RETURN: Sunset in Portsmouth Harbour. (Inset a portrait of the Press Censor.)

*DRAWN BY SUB-LIEUT. DONALD MAXWELL, R.N.V.R.*

# Warlike Sweden

BY A BYSTANDER IN STOCKHOLM

TEN warring nations, which know what war is, want peace, but peaceful Sweden, which doesn't know what war is, wants war. At least, that is my impression from Sweden's streets, newspapers, and orators. Even compared with militant Russia, Stockholm is militant. There are pink-faced soldiers everywhere; in the Djurgarden park; on the palace bridge, near the wondrous Royal palace (of Nicholas Tessin); and on the Strandvägen quay, which Embassy Attachés haunt. On Strandvägen all Stockholm's pretty girls make promenades. They also make eyes.

Ever since the fourteenth of June five British negotiators have been here, trying hard to come to an agreement about contraband, seizures of ships, opening of letters, through transit to Russia, and ten other war-things. Simultaneously goes on a pro-German war agitation, directed primarily against Russia, in part against us. The section of Swedes who want war with the *Entente* are opposed by an equally vigorous section who want peace; and the two parties differ so sharply that the only war they are likely to have will be at home.

The Swedes call the war agitation "Activism." The protagonists in the Activist *versus* Neutralist comedy are mainly: On the war side, Professor Rudolf Kjellen and Professor Gustav Steffen (as in Germany, so in brother Sweden the pen directs the sword). On the peace side are M. Hjalmar Branting, Leader of Socialists; and M. Karl Staaff, Liberal leader and ex-Prime Minister. In higher circles, the chief pro-German is the Queen, who is a born German of Baden; and the chief pro-*Entenier* is the King, who is a French-born Bernadotte.

Sweden's Government is neutral. M. Hammarskjöld — Conservative—Premier has made a speech saying that Sweden will keep neutral unless someone violates her territory, or in some other way offends her in serious manner. M. Wallenberg, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is said to be—privately—pro-*Entente*. He belongs to the Wallenberg "Stockholm's Private Bank" family, and the Bank is tied up with the French Rothschilds and other French finance interests.

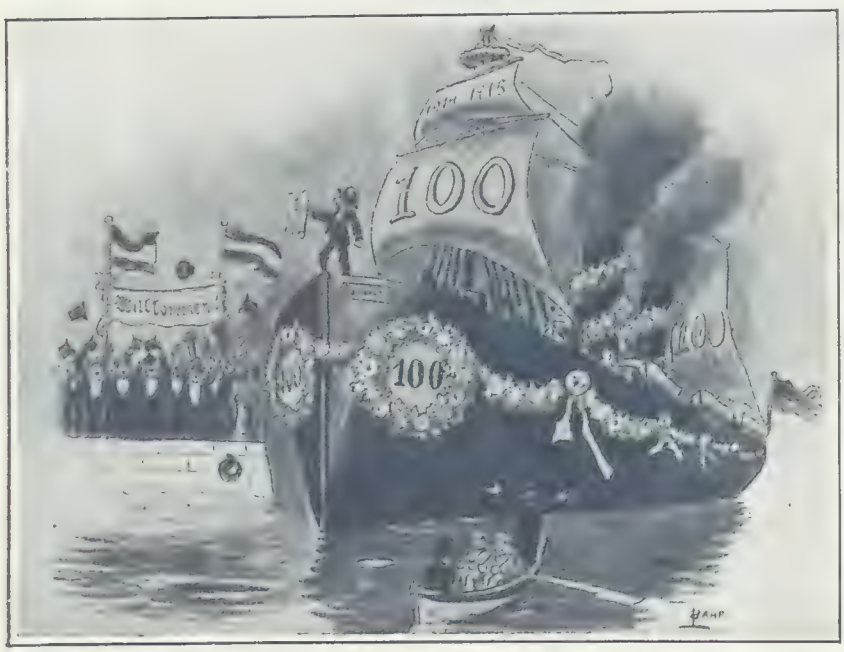
Professor Kjellen, the Commander-in-Chief of the pro-German Intervention men, is adored by the young blood students of Upsala and Lund. He writes fierce articles on "Sweden's Hour," in which he demands that Sweden shall fight for her brother Finlanders if the Finlanders rebel. This they won't do. Professor Steffen, the other leader of Swedish pro-Germanism, has brought out a book on "War and Culture," in which he says that the Germans have all the Culture (not *Kultur*) and we sinful Britons all the war. This is not kind of Steffen, who lived ten years in England.

The third great pro-German, Sven Hedin, plays no part in this. Sven is at much more important work. King Gustav made him a noble; and no Swede had for ten years before been made a noble. In the Riddarhus—the Knights' House—which stands near the Palace, the wall is hung with shields bearing the coats of arms of all Sweden's nobles, old and brand new. There has lately been hung Sven Hedin's shield. I went to see it. Sven Hedin will bring out a new war-book. His first book has 800 pages; and by its dullness converted 2,357,986 fierce pro-Germans to pro-*Entente*-ism.

After pink-faced soldiers one sees most in Stockholm pink newspapers. The one afternoon and both evening papers are of the same pink; and the two evening papers, the *Aftonbladet* and the *Allehanda*, are both fiercely pro-German and "Activist." The morning papers are not openly in favour of war. They do not say that Sweden should join Germany in warring with the *Entente*, but they warn readers, with mournful remarks, that the *Entente, i.e.*, England, is about to force Sweden into war. England will violate our neutrality, etc., etc.

My view is that Sweden will not go to war. Because she has humour; and here is the proof. Lately some thousands of miserable, crippled exchange-prisoners, Russians and Germans, passed through here. Most had crutches; or were blind; or had to be borne. A paper that is *not* "Activist" printed a photograph of the dread procession; and underneath it: "Reasons why Sweden *should* join in the war." This joke has done more harm to "Activism" than ten Neutralist speeches by M. Staaff and M. Branting.

## Enemy Humour—Special!




ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION BY GERMANY OF THE HUNDREDTH AMERICAN NOTE

*From "Der Brummer"*

# Thoroughness

"What time shall I call you in the morning, sir?"

*(Colonel Chutney, V.C., home on short leave, decides to keep in touch with dug-out life)*

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

# Books of the Week

## A THOUGHT-READER TURNED BOOK-WRITER

**A Cheery Entertainer—**

THERE can be few people in this country who have not seen, or at any rate heard of, "Mr. Alfred Capper's Entertainment." It is a phenomenon peculiar to itself. It is weird and exciting and enormously enjoyable. Mr. Capper will perform entirely impossible feats with some rope and a chair and his own hands, and he will then proceed to puzzle his audience by a display of that little-understood power of his called "thought-reading." For the last thirty years he has been giving his entertainment in every conceivable corner of the United Kingdom as well as in France and India. Naturally he has met all sorts and conditions of people, and to those who know him personally it is not surprising that a great number of these people have become his friends.

**—And His Book**

And now he has momentarily deserted his thought-reading and climbed down from the heights to perpetrate such an ordinary every-day trick as a book. But, as might have been expected, the book is not ordinary. *A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections* (Allen and Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is an enthusiastic piece of optimism, brimful of quaint stories and sketches, which is very far from needing the apology its author makes for its appearance. In fact, it is quite as amusing, and in parts just as boisterous, as "Mr. Alfred Capper's Entertainment" itself. His "experiments" with Royalty are delightfully described, and he is not in the least afraid to tell stories against himself. The reviewer, of course, is eager to use some of the best, but that is hardly fair to the author, and they must be read in his book. It is only his utter inability to *explain* his own peculiar powers which may disappoint a few of his more curious readers, but even they will forgive him; for his *Recollections* is one of the most entertaining books of the year, and it appears at just the right moment.

RELAXATION—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL

Wounded officers in the grounds of a London hospital reading "The Bystander"

**"Christian Derrick"**

The hero of Miss Beatrice Stott's new novel, *Christian Derrick* (Chatto: 6*s.*), is not a particularly cheerful young man, but there is perhaps some excuse for his bearishness. Kit's aunts and step-mother between them made his earlier life a misery, and you are not altogether surprised to find that as a painter of twenty-seven he hates all womankind with a terrible and sometimes rather ludicrous, even Hunnish, hate. So when his great friend, Carol Raymond, marries the good-natured Dominica, there is trouble in his poor tortured soul, particularly when—but here slips in Miss Stott with original methods and ideas. You may be disappointed with the last pages, and feel that after so detailed an account of his childhood more space might have been given to his later career; but the story, though on the whole gloomy, is undeniably interesting and in places attractive.

**Some War Books**

The War Books continue, but while the Censor continues to use his blue pencil they will fail to satisfy completely one's natural curiosity. There are so many crucial matters about which one would like to know the real truth. But we shall have to wait and see. However, in such books as are seeing the light to-day it is possible to find much that has not appeared in the newspapers. There is, for instance, the Abbé Félix Klein's *Diary of a French Army Chaplain* (Melrose: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), a most moving picture of France in the first months of the war. There is, too, Mrs. Houghton's *In the Enemy's Country* (Chatto: 5*s.* net), which contains a most amusing and witty account of an Englishwoman unfortunately travelling in Germany at the beginning of the war. And there is Mr. L. J. Austin's *My Experiences as a German Prisoner* (Melrose: 2*s.* net), a book which simply makes one's blood boil with suppressed indignation. As a surgeon of the Red Cross Society, Mr. Austin was fortunate enough to be "exchanged" at a comparatively early date, and this short account of his adventures is very well worth reading.

**"Afterthoughts"**

Were I to describe the mere plot of Miss Mary Openshaw's novel, *Afterthoughts* (Simpkin: 6*s.*), you would, perhaps, think that the theme had been done to death, for Delia Beeching, a "Society" young lady, sent from Imperial Paris to a quiet English village, marries Lord Luton after jilting the honest young Quaker to whom she has become engaged. The story, however, is of secondary importance. Miss Openshaw takes us back to mid-Victorian days, and gives a delightful picture of those quaint, honest Friends, whose numbers seem to be growing less every year. Her story is as old as the hills, but it is brightly and sympathetically told. It is rather a relief to come across such a quiet backwater of a book in these days of strife.

R. S.

# A Nocturne in Black and White

SHADE OF NIGHT: "Having saved London from the Zeppelins by shrouding it in a cloak of Black, I have now to save it from the darkness by a coat of White"

[*The Commissioner of Police has urged the local authorities to assist the traffic by whitening street refugees and kerbs at street corners, and this course has already been followed by several Borough Councils with excellent results.* —Press Bureau Notice, Oct. 7]

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

# "Romance" at the Duke of York's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is the story of a great *prima donna* who has worked her way up from somewhere near the gutter to the top of her profession, and has brought with her, it seems, some of the regrettably lax morals which prevail at the point from which she started. The story is told in the now fashionable way, by going backwards. We see first of all Bishop Armstrong, of New York, sitting over the fire while his grandson comes to say that he has fallen in love with an actress out of an engagement, and intends to marry her. By way of persuading the young man to reconsider his very rash project, the old Bishop tells a story of his own youth when he, too, was, as it were, caught in the toils of a seductive charmer, and very nearly made a hash of his life. The story is told in three acts. The Bishop's fireside having been blotted out, the curtain rises on Mr. Van Tuyl's house in Fifth Avenue—forty years ago. Mr. Van Tuyl is a shining light of the church, and consequently it is only natural that his young and handsome parson should call on him without ceremony. On the evening of Dr. Armstrong's call Mr. Van Tuyl is giving a reception, the guest of honour being Margherita Cavallini, the great *prima donna*.

Directly the young and green rector throws his eye over the lady you can see that it is a case of love at first sight on both sides. From what we have heard of Cavallini, it seems hardly likely that she could be an ornament to a parson's household; but Armstrong doesn't know this, of course. He chats with her in a soulful way, and then calls on her at her hotel, and, as it were, follows it up sedulously. By degrees, he elicits from her the fact that her life has been pure with the exception of one or two trifling lapses in her early youth, when she was ignorant of the world and its wicked ways, and didn't know so much as she knows now. He says he will overlook these sad little errors if she will marry him and turn her face towards the light. He is undoubtedly quite sincere in his single-minded affection, but there is the awkward fact to reckon with that a *prima donna* with the world at her feet is a very useful wife to have when the old discussion about the weekly housekeeping money is revived with its usual distressing regularity. I don't suggest for a moment that he was after her money, because in the next act everything points with rather painful clearness to the direction of his ambition.

*Photograph* *Elliott and Fry*

MR. OWEN NARES

Who is playing the part of Armstrong, the handsome young rector, in love with the great prima donna, Cavallini (Miss Doris Keane), in the new American play "Romance" at the Duke of York's Theatre

Miss Doris Keane plays the part of Cavallini with a good deal of power, but she might be persuaded to treat us to a little more plain English. She chooses, in order to emphasise her Italian origin, to talk in the dialect of the Dago street-merchant of the Bowery—the "Gotta gooda ice-a-creama" sort of language, which at times is not at all easy to understand. Cavallini, for instance, tells Van Tuyl the story of the one pure and true love that she has known in her life, but the only part of it that was intelligible to me was her complaint that the one and only true love sold her for fifty pounds to his successor in her affections. And I find it difficult to see Romance in transactions of that sort. Indeed, I imagined they were known by a different name altogether.

The dismal truth is that Cavallini has been for years the mistress of the saintly Van Tuyl, who seems to welcome the chance of getting the simple parson to take her off his hands by the honourable road of matrimony. Armstrong has some suspicion of it, but when he puts an indirect question to this effect, Van Tuyl appears to be so pained that the young man apologises for having supposed that such wickedness was possible. He pursues Cavallini to her hotel on the night of her triumph at the opera, and tells her that as man and woman all is over between them; but that he has come to save her soul, and begs that she will pray with him. As she seems really penitent, he finds himself attracted to her once more, and the sex influence comes back. In a moment of passion he takes her to his arms and kisses her a good deal more knowingly than a parson really ought to, and then declares that he will stay the night in her room, and thus wreck his promising career entirely. This fanciful programme is, however, nipped in the bud by the simple fact that Cavallini does not agree to it. Instead, she begs that he will go away and think of her as trying, under his pious guidance, to lead a better life for the future, and Armstrong retires accordingly. It is a strange play, a little primitive in its psychology, and a trifle daring in its execution.

JINGLE

# Romance in the Crinoline Era

The new play at the Duke of York's Theatre, "Romance," has already met with some success in the United States. It is well acted, but may prove to be a little too serious for darkest London, which needs all the brightening up it can get

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

# YOUR FAVOUR RECEIVED

By Guy Lysle.

"WELL, what is it?" The slim lad who was standing by the mantelpiece in that oppressively Victorian dining-room coloured and stammered.

"I've joined the Army, Uncle. I've got a commission. I'm twenty, you know—surely you would not have me slack?"

The old man clutched the boy's arm. "You've done what?" he demanded "Do you mean what you say?"

Alec nodded. "I asked you and you refused After all, it is too big a thing even for you to settle. I'd have been shamed for life had I not joined. And, besides, I wanted to."

His uncle drew aside and breathed hard. "*You* wanted to, did you? Do you think I have fathered you all these years to be a la-di-da officer strutting about spending *my* money and despising *my* business? Half a share in factories employing 3,000 hands is not good enough for you, eh? Well, be d——d to you. Get out. Get out, I say."

A minute later Alec was in the rose-garden with Betty.

"How did he take it?" she asked anxiously.

"Surprisingly well, little woman," was the cheerful answer. "He'll probably be on speaking terms by the day after to-morrow."

. . . . . .

James Gudgeon was the fattest and richest man in Middleton. When he was not in his counting-house he was at "Buckingham," the grey palace he had built on the hill above the town. Alec was his sister's son, and James had adopted him on her death, six years before. Betty was a cousin of sorts, and he had adopted her too. He was devoted to Betty. She had a way with her. And he liked her way. She was pretty enough to have anyone for a husband. And James was going to choose that husband. He was to be the soundest business man in the kingdom. Gudgeon regarded Betty and her beauty as trustees for the debenture-holders of his business.

Years before, when he had watched them as children romping in his big garden or playing together in the room set apart for them, he had thought once and again that those two might perhaps marry and share his all between them. That was merely a fancy, however, which was quickly laid aside. His great business was too precious to him to be risked in such a reckless way. Betty should marry for that business, and Alec, who increasingly showed dislike for it, should have for a wife some sound, stable, well-disciplined business woman who would at least see that he did not imperil his share.

The old man's attitude towards Alec passed as the years sped from distress to disgust and despair. The lad's loyalty was in itself an embarrassment. He was in his place in the hated counting-house to the minute. He never left before his time. He never even begged for a holiday, however temptingly the sun was shining. He did his utmost, but he was an utter failure. He simply had no head for business, and never would have. He was a lad who loved books and dogs and flowers and music, and, above all, play with children. James once surprised him as he was telling fairy tales to a fascinated group of a dozen or so tiny lads and lasses with a little dot on each knee.

And now he had joined the Army. Some weeks before he had asked for permission to do so and been curtly refused. He had taken the law into his own hands. It was most unnecessary for him to go, Gudgeon thought. Others could fight and win the war. The business of Gudgeon and Co. was one of the mainstays of the nation. He regarded the boy's desertion as an insult to Gudgeon and Co. which could not be forgiven.

. . . . . .

Some months passed, and Middleton saw nothing of Alec. Betty was busy helping to look after soldiers' wives, and Gudgeon himself, with his heavy war contracts, was at work from morning till night. Outside that, however, one somewhat startling thing happened. He attended a great town's meeting, and was actually cheered as he walked on to the platform. He, the best-hated employer Middleton ever had had, was cheered by his own workmen. And the Lord Lieutenant of the County, who presided, referred to the fine sacrifice which James Gudgeon had made for his country in giving up his beloved nephew. While James coloured and grunted the people cheered anew.

It was a few days after this that Alec came home on short leave. And such an Alec! Straight as an arrow, a little broadened, manly, and confident, with a golden wisp on the upper lip and a face which the sun had bronzed. Betty laughed and cried as she kissed him—just as women do—and even old Gudgeon said, "Well, laddie," a little wistfully as he shook his hand and held it. But when he thought of his business he became silent again, and was bitten by regrets.

Latterly, however, he had been bringing to the house on any and every pretext a young business man after his own heart. Joshua was an oldish thirty and already a little portly—a man of thoughtfulness and weighted words, with a square head and impressive gold spectacles. Betty had christened him "Your favour received," and James lost no chance of telling her what a remarkable young fellow Joshua was. To humour her uncle Betty was just as nice to Joshua as she was to everyone else. She tried not to wince when he addressed her as "Miss Betty." Over these civilities James nodded his head approvingly. For the great Business all was going well.

But one night Alec came hurriedly on his final leave-taking. He arrived unannounced, and broke in on his uncle and Betty and Joshua at dinner. He was exceedingly civil to Joshua, who addressed him as "Sir," but he ran off with the girl immediately after dinner, not even waiting for the port. When at last they returned Joshua had gone and the two of them stood in front of the old man hand-in-hand, and asked him to let them marry.

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 76)

## Quality, Style, Value.

Make certain of these essentials by selecting your Furs at our Showrooms. The largest stock of beautiful Furriery in London is always to be found there at **Wholesale Prices**

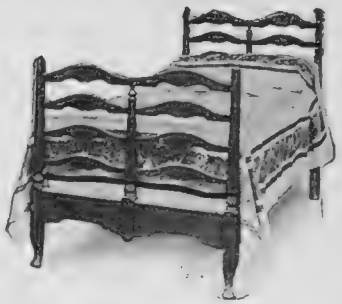
A postcard will bring beautifully illustrated new catalogue, or selections of Furs are willingly sent on approval.

Charming Set (*as sketch*), in choice Silky Black Wolf.
Stole, **63/-**. Muffs from **42/-** to **4 Gns.**

FUR REPAIRS AND ALTERATIONS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

**THE WHOLESALE FUR CO..**
201, Regent Street, W.
(First Floor, not a Shop. Entrance in Conduit Street).

## WOODEN BEDS.



Price in Oak 3 feet wide **£2 15 0**

This "ladder-back" Bedstead is a typical Heal example of simplicity and thoroughness. It has all the charm of the old "ladder-back" chair, and the price is most moderate.

*Write for "Wood Bedstead" Catalogue*

# HEAL & SON
TOTTENHAM COURT Rd. W.

# MARVELLOUS ECONOMY (Gas at 1/4 per 1,000) in LIGHTING and COOKING

**With a self-contained gas generator.**

Our Patent **Duplex** Carburettor gives wonderful results and works on **Ordinary Petrol.** Hundreds of Testimonials. Many adaptations of other makes to our perfect system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent.

**A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.**

Silent Burners and Automatic Switches render the system perfect.
*Write for booklet and particulars.*

**THE PIONEERS OF PETROL GAS LIGHTING**
Thirty Years' Experience also in high-class **Electrical Installations.**

COLONIAL AGENTS { MOFFAT-VIRTUE, Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W. / ANDERSONS, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z. / MARRS & Cia, Buenos Ayres. / R. J. WATSON & CO., Santa Cruz. / SPENCE & CO., Calcutta.

**SPENSERS Ld.** { LONDON: 53b, South Molton St. / EDINBURGH: 119, George St.

# The New Lever Pocket Self-Filling
# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The latest and by far the best idea in "Self-fillers." Simply raise lever, dip nib in ink, lower lever, and the pen is filled.

Ask to see this new type at any Stationers or Jewellers, **12/6** and upwards.

**Waterman's Ideals also in Regular and Safety Types. Every Pen Guaranteed.**

*Booklet free on application.*

L. G. SLOAN, The Pen Corner,
Kingsway, London, W.C.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY
(Continued from page 74)

He was shocked and amazed. For two minutes he was speechless. Then he rose and struck the table with his fist. "Never," he said, vehemently. "Did any man ever hear of such foolishness? Just—just think of my Business!"

. . . . . .

Betty was a tearful little thing for the next few days, and James was really quite kind to her. He kept Joshua off the premises, and while he never spoke of the request which he had refused, he made a fuss of the girl and was full of endearments. He persuaded himself that he would give even half his business to make her happy—but *not* the whole. When her smile returned, he was thankful that the sacrifice was not necessary. The lad had looked very "taking" in his uniform. Still, she was forgetting him already. How like a woman!

That very night, however, he was disillusioned. Betty had dined alone with him, and had talked about Alec during the whole meal. And she had bent over him while he was smoking his cigar, and had whispered that she could not live without her boy. It was a difficult moment for him, as one or two little things which had happened during the day had almost demoralised his opposition. Middleton knew that the lad had gone into the firing line, and much concern was being felt for him. The uncle was beginning to feel a little proud of that slim khaki-clad boy. Still, he was firm with Betty—very firm indeed, but kinder than ever. So again she left him in a shower of tears.

That night in his loneliness his thoughts troubled him. It was a sultry summer's night, and he sat in a big deep chair in the entrance hall with the door open leading to the garden. For once his highly successful business deals of the day failed to bring pleasure. He thought a great deal of the boy and of Betty in those still hours. He was passionately fond of Betty, and was beginning to feel that there must be more in the lad than he had acknowledged. Still there was that Business. It must have a clear brain and a strong hand for its control when he was too old. And Alec had gone fighting, and even if he were not killed he would never settle down to an office again. As for Betty, she was lovable to a degree, but only a slip of a girl, all smiles or tears.

The old man's natural doggedness and all his instincts were too strong for the lovers. He decided against them, and then a little tired with the worry of it all, he fell into a light sleep.

He woke suddenly and painfully In a fleeting darkness he had seen Alec die. It had been so vivid and near to him that it might never have been a dream at all. Still shuddering, he looked at the clock and in the looking-glass above it. Then with a groan he covered his face with his hands, and started up in anguish.

Through that looking-glass he had seen Alec, very pale and bent, passing shadow-like through the room.

"My poor boy is dead," he sobbed. "Alec, dear Alec. My God, they've killed him."

. . . . . .

James Gudgeon came down to breakfast quite a grave old man the next morning. Betty greeted him with dancing eyes. Her merriment and raillery cut deeply. She told him he was a dear queer old thing, and she wanted to know why he was wearing that

(Continued on page 78)

NOT LIKELY

"Have you been wounded, my poor man?"

"Oh, dear me, no, mum. Wotever made you think that? I'm just a'thinkin' about enlistin'"

# IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE,

ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE.

## High-class, Second-hand and Antique

# FURNITURE

**CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS.**

**To the Value of over £500,000.**

**Re Lady DORCHESTER (Deceased).**
**Lady HARRIS (Deceased).**
**Sir PATTERSON NICKALLS (Deceased).**
**Sir GEORGE GROVE, C.B. (Deceased).**

Together with the FURNITURE and EFFECTS removed from the LONDON MASONIC CLUB, of St. James's St., S.W.

**SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

Any article may be had separately, and, if desired, can remain stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

### 122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS,

Including several fine Old English gentlemen's wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from **£3 15s.**; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers, from **37s. 6d.**; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests, from **6gs.**; well made solid oak bedroom suites, complete, **£3 17s. 6d.**; solid oak bedsteads to match; handsome china toilet services, from **3s. 6d.**; large bedroom and other carpets, from **7s. 6d.**; well-made solid bedroom suites, complete, at **5gs.**; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full-size, complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at **£5 17s. 6d.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at **£6 15s.**; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large bedroom suites, at **£9 17s. 6d.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses, complete, **45s.**; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, **12gs.**; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass full-size bedsteads, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites in gilt and cream lacquer, up to **175gs.**

### DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine tone upright piano, **£7 15s.**; a magnificent instrument by Philip Dudley, **£12 15s.**; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, **£25**, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass, from **£4 15s.**; four oak American roll-top desks, at **£3 17s. 6d.** Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs at **17s. 6d.**; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, **£8 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, **42s**; eighteen luxurious Chesterfield settees, **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at **£1 10s.**; magnificent chiming and grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, **£6 15s.**; mahogany inlaid overmantel, **30s.**; extending dining-table of Sheraton design, **£3 17s. 6d.**; twelve very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design mahogany inlaid, at **18s. 6d**; two armchairs to match, at **30s.**; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, **£45**; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, **15gs.**

### DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc. white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, **12gs.** complete; fine satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, **£14 14s.**; satinwood decorated centre table, **£2 10s.**; satinwood decorated overmantel, **£3 10s.**; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, **£16 16s.**

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled. SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

A Magnificent 20 H.P. MINERVA MOTOR CAR, with saloon Limousine Body, as new, **£200**, cost £1,200.

Also a 1914 "MITCHELL" TOURING CAR, nearly new, **£135**. Great Bargain.

**WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE (mention "Bystander"), ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS, NOW READY. SENT POST FREE.**

## THE FURNITURE AND FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, Ltd.,

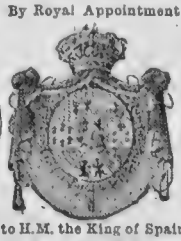
***(By Royal Appointment),***

**48-50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.**

The following Number 'Buses pass Park Street, Islington: Nos. 4, 19, 43, 43A, and 30. Cab fares refunded to all purchasers. 'Phone: 3472 North.

**Business Hours: Open every day 9 till 9. Established over Half a Century.**

Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.



By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

Grand Prix Gold Medals. International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—We have **NO WEST END** Branches, neither are we connected with **ANY OTHER** depositories. Our **ONLY ADDRESS** is as above.

L. LEWIS, Manager.

*New "Postillion" Hat in black hatter's plush, trimmed and bound with black corded ribbon, with square oxydised buckle in front.*

**2** GNS.

*Debenham & Freebody*
*(Debenhams Limited)*
*Wigmore St. (Cavendish Square), London, W.*

# ELIZABETH, Ld.

**45, South Molton Street, W.**

Telephone: 3238 Mayfair.

*Little Boy's First Suit, Brown Corauroy Knickerbockers, with jumper of russet brown linen, from 45/6.*

**Specialist in Girls' School Outfits and Little Boys' First Suits.**



## The Safe and Sure Treatment

for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the

**GANESH**

The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to natural beauty.

Red Broken Veins, Marks on the Face, absolutely removed in a few seconds without pain and leaving no mark.

**ADVICE FREE. Write for Free Booklet**

**GANESH EASTERN OIL** will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any other preparation ever invented.

From **5/6.**

PATRONIZED BY ROYALTY · RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION ·

**Electrolysis**

*permanently removes superfluous Hair.*

*"DANA" is the reliable home treatment for Ladies who cannot call*

**ADAIR**

· · GANESH · · ·

ESTABLISHMENT.

**92, NEW BOND ST**
*(Oxford St. End),*
**LONDON, W.**
'Phone: Gerrard 3782.
Paris and New York

*BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 76)*

stupid black tie. Seemingly James, by sheer force of habit, had forestalled the funereal market. When he ate little and spoke less she became concerned, and then with an effort he forced himself to make conversation. He even surprised her by asking who was the best girl friend she had in the world. She must be lonely. Would she not like to have someone to stay with her? At this she clapped her hands, and asked if she might wire to Diney at once. Diney was her old governess, to whom she was most devoted.

James kissed her, and then, most unusual of occurrences, stopped in the door and returned to her.

"Alec," he began, with a trembling voice.

"You sweet old Uncle," she broke in, "so you were worrying about Alec, were you? Don't, Uncle; he's all right, I am sure he is."

He hesitated for a moment, and then whispered. "Betty, I am an old fool, but I've made up my mind, and shall not change it. If the boy comes back—you may have him."

For that he got a hug—a delicious hug which was really no more than he deserved. Then he walked away quickly, for there were tears in his eyes. "He won't come back," he muttered, "I know—of course he won't come back."

But, of course, the boy did come back—the most cheerful thing that ever moved on crutches with an arm in a sling. The crutches were picturesque, but not ominous—a few shrapnel wounds, that was all. The arm was likely to give more trouble. Alec was in such a hurry to get home that he beat his casualty telegram by hours, and he was just in time to drink his port in between the kisses of Betty given in the beaming light of her uncle's eyes.

At last the old gentleman intervened. "When I promise—I promise," he said with finality. "Look here, boy, while you were away I told the little girl that if—that is *when* you came back she could have you. I suppose you want to get married at once. The sooner I fix up with the Vicar the better you'll be pleased, eh?"

To his amazement Alec shook his head.

The Uncle was stupified.

"Do I understand that you don't want to marry Betty?" he asked slowly.

Alec nodded gravely.

"Oh, my poor little girl," cried the old man in deep concern.

"Please, Uncle—don't worry. I—I don't want to marry Alec, either," she pleaded.

James Gudgeon collapsed in his chair. "Well, you've beaten me—that's all I can say. Oh, hang it, I had set my heart on seeing you married, and now you won't have one another. Here, Alec, boy—tell me what it all means."

Alec quietly emptied his glass and laid his undamaged hand on Betty's shoulder.

'Dear old Uncle," he said, "I ought to tell you. I was sent back unexpectedly to bring a draft, and I ran up against Betty, and we talked it all over—didn't we, Betty?—and now—well, not even to please you can we be married—*a second time.*"

GUY LYSLE


# Shoolbred's

*Blouses and Shirts*

*Book of Autumn Modes sent Post Free.*

Blouses and Shirts made by Shoolbred's are unvaryingly distinguished by originality of design, and are always practical and smart.

MODERATE PRICES RULE THROUGHOUT

The Model illustrated is a new shape with collar high at back, and with set-in sleeves. Well made and tailored.

Can also be worn open V at neck if desired.

IN WHITE JAP SILK **12/9** IN STRIPED WOOL **8/11**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.



# The Charm of Distinction

A REALLY elegant and distinctive costume; made of fine suiting, the coat lined white satin or silk; smartly tailored, with the unmistakable imprint and *cachet* of Bond St.

**A Bond St. Costume at a Bargain Price.**

M. Mourice will gladly show this charming model to anyone who will favour him with a visit at the address given below, while to those who are prevented by the distance at which they reside from making a personal inspection he will be pleased to send patterns and life-like sketches free on application.

This special costume at

**4 Guineas**

(made to measure), is designed to introduce his distinctive and original gowns to a new clientèle.

# MOURICE

**141, New Bond St., W.**

*Telephone: Mayfair 6804.*

**4 gns.**

*NO EXTRAS.*

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH

**EVANS' PASTILLES**

A reliable antiseptic remedy for throat complaints

Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes.

*Sole Manufacturers:—*
Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL and LONDON.

**Hinde's**

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

**Hair Wavers.**

Trial Bottle. 6d.

**FOR GREY HAIR SEEGEROL**

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 6d., large size 2/- post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, everywhere or direct: HINDES LTD., 5, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.

Exterminated by "LIVERPOOL" VIRUS

**RATS**

No Danger to Animals. NO SMELL.

In Tins baited for Rats 2/6 & 6/-; for Mice 1/6.

*Of all chemists, write particulars:* Dept. G.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.
56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

**HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE**

**HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA**

the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The Standard remedy for over 40 years.

**At all chemists 4/3 a tin.**

"THE GABLES,"
HARTLEY, near LONGFIELD, KENT.
FOR SALE, £1,100 FREEHOLD.

**THIS CHARMING LITTLE PROPERTY** occupies a very attractive situation on high ground, overlooking one of the prettiest rural districts. Only ¼ mile from station, village and church; 3 reception and 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and usual offices; motor garage and other outbuildings; tennis lawn and spinney; with well-stocked gardens of about 1 acre.—For further particulars address "Owner" as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR SIX OR TWELVE MONTHS AT £3 3s. PER WEEK.

**CHARMING DETACHED HOUSE** in private road, overlooking large wooded estate, with garden to private water leading to Thames, but high above flood level: 6 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms; garage; etc.; electric light; central heating. Beautifully furnished and recently redecorated throughout. Six minutes from two stations with five-minute electric service to Waterloo (20 minutes).—Apply Owner, 8, Broom Water West, Teddington.

*Fortify Your Boots!*

**PHILLIPS' 'MILITARY' SOLES & HEELS**

Patent applied for. Designs regd.

¶ THIN rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.

¶ The rubber used is six times more durable than leather.

¶ Phillips' 'Military' Soles and Heels impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue, and are essential to 'marching comfort.' Feet kept dry in wet weather.

INVALUABLE to MILITARY and NAVAL OFFICERS SPECIAL CONSTABLES, etc., etc. IDEAL for GOLF.

**Lieut.-Colonel W. E. LLOYD, 19 (S) Bn. Manchester Regt. writes, 6th Sept., 1915:—**

*"They have given the greatest satisfaction. . . . Their durability is intense. . . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole.*

*"The smoothness of tread is a revelation. . . . They prevent slipping, and I cannot speak too highly of them."*

**FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.**

Price **3/9** per set (Soles and Heels for one *pair* of Boots), with slight extra charge for fixing.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send outline of sole and heel pencilled on paper, with P.O. **3/9** for Sample Set to the Makers:—

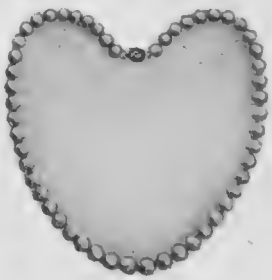
**PHILLIPS' PATENTS, LTD.** (DEPT. K).
**142-6, Old Street, London, E.C.**

**SESSEL PEARLS**

**Are the Finest Reproductions existing.**

Every detail of the Genuine is shown in a SESSEL COLLAR.

The faint small imperfections and irregularities so common to the costly and real ones are perfectly reproduced. They have also the requisite weight, solidity, lustre and texture.



Beautiful Collar of SESSEL PEARLS shown in illustration, being an exact copy of Genuine Pearl Collar costing £350, on plain Gold Clasp,
**£4 4 0**
The Clasp, illustrated, with Sessel Ruby and Two Real Diamonds costs
**£3 3 0**

BROCHURE No. 4 ON REQUEST, POST FREE.

*Old Gold, Silver, Diamonds, Pearls, etc. taken in exchange or purchased for cash.*

**SESSEL (Bourne Ltd.), 14 New Bond St., London, W.**
*(Directly opposite Asprey's)*

*A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, most agreeable to take*

FOR

**CONSTIPATION**

**Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.**

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON.**

**67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD** (Corner of Castle St.), **LONDON, S.E.**

*Sold by all Chemists,* **2/6** *a box.*

# Motoring and the Import Duties

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

**Collecting in Advance**

PRESUMABLY the import duty on private cars will find a place in the Finance Bill. We may look upon that 33⅓ per cent. as certain. In anticipation of the duty being levied, the prices of all American cars have been advanced. This advance before the tax has been imposed or collected is not regarded with a kindly eye by the purchaser. He has a sense of injustice. He believes the car companies concerned are jumping him unfairly. "If they have not paid," he says, "why should I pay? They are taking advantage of my necessity. It's a swindle, that's what it is." And so on.

***

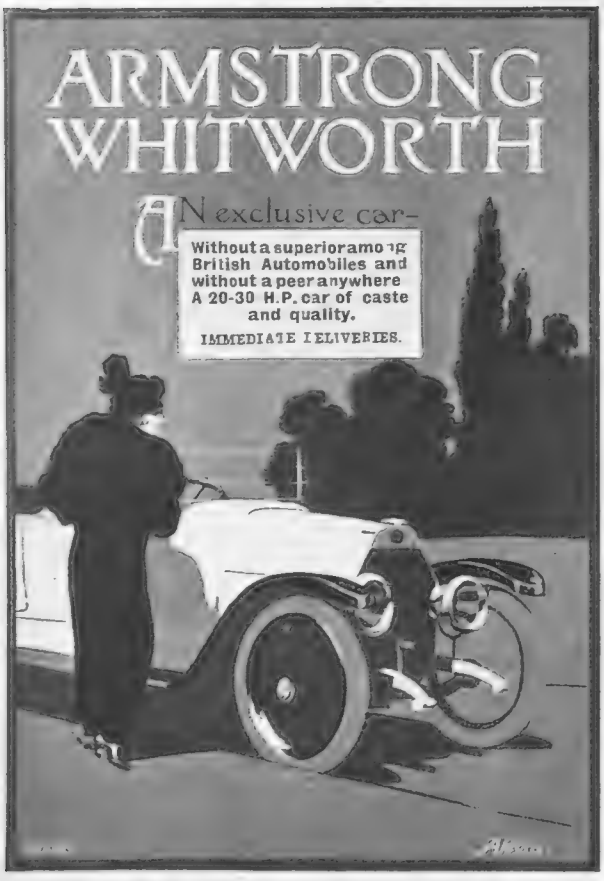
**The Only Way**

As a matter of fact, at once apparent on reflection, these car companies are doing the only thing possible. They have to collect one end or the other If the tax is presently taken off, they and their agents will have considerable stocks of cars and spare parts upon which duty has been paid. The purchaser who complains now about the tax being collected in advance would complain much more bitterly if prices did not immediately fall when the duty was taken off. The fact that it had been paid on these cars and parts in stock would not impress him a bit. Other things being equal, the price of imported cars must come down on the day the duty is taken off. Otherwise there must be all sorts of confusion, duty-free cars and parts overlapping duty-paid cars and parts. There would be greater opportunities of fraud by unscrupulous persons who might try to sell duty-free goods at duty-paid prices, to the detriment of the goods themselves and the policy of the company supplying them. Or Brown who had no stock on hand when the duty was lifted would be selling at the duty-free price, while in the next street Jones, with a stock of duty-paid goods on hand, would be hopelessly trying to sell at the advanced figure. Any number of issues of that kind would inevitably arise. Therefore the companies concerned are not "jumping" anybody by increasing their prices now. They have no other alternative, except they run as philanthropic institutions.

**A Grotesque Futility**

The effect of the tax on the situation as it affects the British car manufacturer will be nil. It is not high enough to matter. He is still outcompeted on price. To protect him at all the duty would have to be trebled. But it is not intended to protect him. Messrs. Asquith and McKenna made that quite clear. At the same time by withdrawing the proposed duty on tyres, commercial vehicles, hats, and glass they made it quite clear that they were not going to reap any revenue worth a moment's serious consideration. Then why in the name of sense are the duties imposed? The question leaves me guessing. The only justification is the taxation of unnecessary luxuries plea. But as, of all cars, the American vehicle is less properly described as an unnecessary luxury, the foundation of the justification is ludicrously shaky, and we are still left guessing. A tax for revenue cannot be criticised in these days of stress and expenditure. A tax for the protection of the home industry has certain sound features to it. But a tax which raises no revenue worth

(*Continued on page 82*)


*ELSWICK WORKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE*

..... *London and Southern Counties* .....

CHAS. JARROTT, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard Street, W.

"What Girls Wear"

Charmingly illustrated, described and priced, post free on request.

ROWE

106, NEW BOND ST., W.

(*and at Gosport*)

# NATIONALITY

A vital thing these days for Country, Individual and Firm.

If there is any merit in morality—

If there is any merit in patriotism—

If there is any merit in nationality—

your tyres should be British and Dunlops, the "make" which is doing most for the Nation, and will do the most for you.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LD.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,
Aston Cross, Birmingham.
LONDON: 14, Regent St., S.W.
PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

*MOTORING* (*concluded from page* 80)

talking about, and does not protect, is the limit of grotesque futility.

***

**Motoring by Wireless**

In the Indiana State Fair an exhibition Overland car engine was started up by wireless from the Overland Depôt, five miles away. We may yet live to see a wireless installation as standard equipment on cars, with headquarters keeping in touch with every one of its vehicles on the road. Nice if the engine refuses to start up in the morning, to crackle the news to the nearest depôt, set up the receiver, and stand by while headquarters "turns her over" by wireless. It will be "some jawb" for the service department.

***

**Taxation by Weight**

The A.A., on behalf of its 100,000 members, has made representations to the Chancellor of the Exchequer urging that all revenue from petrol shall, after the war, revert to its original destination in the coffers of the Road Board. The A.A. also recommends that the import duties on motor-cars and parts should, in the interests of the British motor industry and user, be placed on weight rather than on value. I did not know the A.A. spoke for the industry, although I see no reason why it should not. I can see a real reason why tax on weight would benefit some small part of the motor industry, but I would like one or two real reasons why it would benefit the private motorist.

THE CONQUEST OF SPICER'S GAP

**Spicer's Gap being a sort of route between Fassifern and Warwick, Australia, always regarded as utterly impossible for motor-cars until Mr. W. T. Forrest on his Napier demonstrated to the contrary**

***

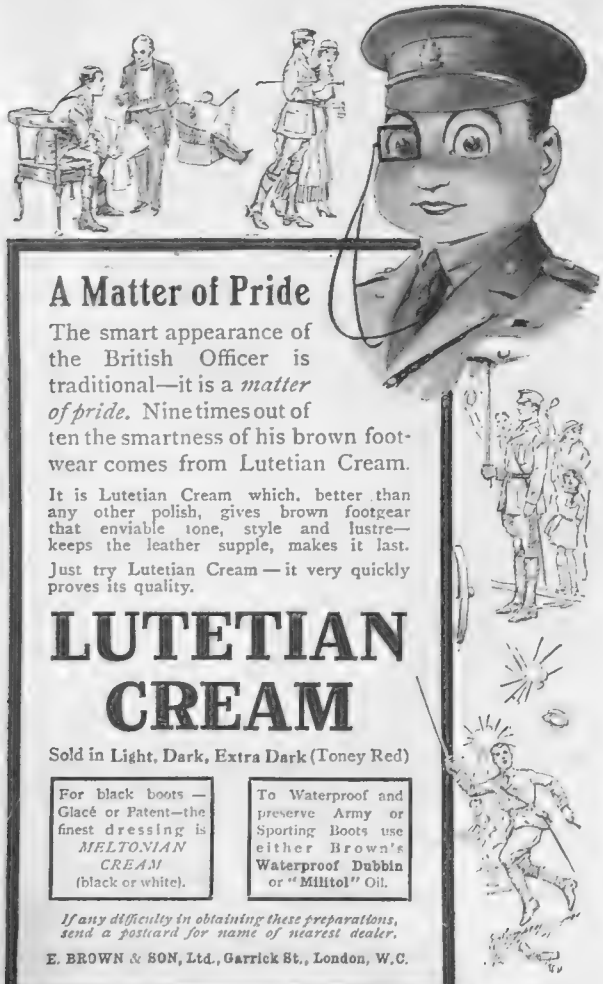
**Things that Matter**

A voice from the belligerent air: "My aeroplane was set on fire by a German shell at a considerable height, and I think I should have lost my sight and my life if I had not been wearing Triplex goggles. You will observe the glass is all there, but badly cracked and the frame is severely burnt. Please send another pair." Which is just another eloquent bit of testimony to the military service this Triplex glass in its various forms is rendering.—"Shell" interests have subscribed £500,000 to the War Loan. Banzai!—America manufactured 1,500 cars a day every day in 1914. Total for the year 1,253,875, which is nearly half-a-million up on 1913. "Some" cars.—The Royal Aero Club is now open from 9 a.m. until 10.30 p.m. seven days a week. This in response to a general demand. General demands, however, do not always imply general support when demands are conceded. If the contrary be the case in this instance, other developments are foreshadowed.

Away in the night with the light of day—and the secret is C. A. V. Night driving a pleasure. Send for the C. A. V. Lamp Bulb Catalogue, post free to every motorist.
C. A. VANDERVELL & Co.,
Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

The keenest, liveliest appreciation of the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac, comes from the man whose sense of what constitutes luxurious motoring has been developed to the highest pitch. F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.



A Matter of Pride

The smart appearance of the British Officer is traditional—it is a *matter of pride.* Nine times out of ten the smartness of his brown footwear comes from Lutetian Cream.

It is Lutetian Cream which, better than any other polish, gives brown footgear that enviable tone, style and lustre—keeps the leather supple, makes it last.

Just try Lutetian Cream—it very quickly proves its quality.

LUTETIAN CREAM

Sold in Light, Dark, Extra Dark (Toney Red)

For black boots—Glacé or Patent—the finest dressing is *MELTONIAN CREAM* (black or white).

To Waterproof and preserve Army or Sporting Boots use either Brown's Waterproof Dubbin or "Militol" Oil.

*If any difficulty in obtaining these preparations, send a postcard for name of nearest dealer.*

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., Garrick St., London, W.C.

THE LITTLE ILIAD

A New Novel.

By MAURICE HEWLETT

"The best of good comedy, lightly and dexterously written, and always amusing and interesting."—"Daily Mail."

HEINEMANN 6s.

Onoto Pens

are the only Standard 10/6 Fountain Pens All British Made by a British Company with British Capital and Labour.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO LTD

THE
# BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 619.—Vol. XLVIII. Wednesday, October 13, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

**HAMPTON & SONS**

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

FINE HUNTING COUNTRY. GOOD GOLF.
BRACING POSITION.

**"THE CHALET," BERKHAMPSTED, HERTS.**

FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, 550ft. above sea level, with

PANORAMIC VIEWS EXTENDING TO THE CHILTERNS.

Carriage approach. Seven bedrooms, large play room, bath, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall. Entrance lodge, garage. Pretty pleasure grounds, in all

ABOUT 3 ACRES.

To be SOLD by AUCTION at The Mart, E.C., OCTOBER 26 (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors, Messrs. PEARCE and SONS, St. Bartholomew House, 58, West Smithfield, E.C. — Full particulars of Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

**AT A REDUCED RENT.**

Of interest to a rich Colonial.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**

WITHIN A DRIVE OF BRISTOL.

TO LET, Unfurnished, this very dignified genuine

**JACOBEAN MANSION,**

standing in small deer park on high ground in sunny situation, 'midst finely timbered and lovely surroundings. Accommodation: 20 bed and dressing rooms, 5 reception rooms (one with minstrels' gallery), 2 halls, and ample domestic offices. Capital old-fashioned block of stabling and farmery. Carriage drive through park with lodge entrance.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS OF 11 ACRES.

The deer park and Home Farm can be rented if required. Golf and hunting. — Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

**RENT ONLY £150 PER ANNUM.**

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

**KENT**

(1¼ Miles from Main Line Junction).

**TO BE LET OR SOLD,**

THIS COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE,

occupying fine high situation with beautiful views.

4 reception rooms. | 11 bedrooms.
Excellent offices. | 2 dressing rooms.

Gas and water laid on.

WELL-MATURED GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF NEARLY 3 ACRES.

Cottage, stabling, and garage.

Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

EASY REACH OF EXCELLENT GOLF AND HUNTING.

**"THE TOWER," SOUTH GODSTONE, SURREY.**

AN IMPOSING AND COMFORTABLE HOUSE, in beautiful position, 1 mile from station. Carriage drive with lodge. Ten bedrooms, bath, 3 fine reception rooms, full-sized billiard room with annexe, 2 staircases, etc.

COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING.

Stabling, garage, farmery, glasshouses. Delightful old gardens, orchards, and paddocks. Also, almost adjoining, Freehold Cottage and orchard.

To be SOLD by AUCTION (in two lots) at The Mart, London, E.C., on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 26 (unless previously disposed of).

Solicitors, Messrs. DRUCES and ATTLEE, 10, Billiter Square, E.C. —Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

**Estate Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W.** *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."
TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

ADJOINING SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE.
TO BE SOLD.

**A BEAUTIFUL MODERN RESIDENCE,** in first-rate order throughout, and occupying a fine position overlooking the links and the well-wooded country beyond. Accommodation: entrance and inner halls, central hall, fine suite of reception rooms, 15 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms; electric light, gas, Company's water, radiators, modern sanitation; large garage and cottage. The well-arranged undulating gardens include full-sized croquet ground, tennis court, wide herbaceous borders, water and rose gardens, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 9½ acres.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (6,516)

BY ORDER OF THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE.
In the Estate of G. W. Dancocks, Esq., deceased.

"HAYCROFT," HOOK, SURREY.

**A MODERATE-SIZED RESIDENCE,** built in the Tudor style, with stone mullioned windows. Accommodation: entrance hall, lounge, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms and dressing rooms; lodge, gardener's cottage, farm buildings, matured gardens. "HAYCROFT FARM," with farmhouse and buildings, in all 39 acres. To be OFFERED by AUCTION in the Estate Room, 20, Hanover Square, W., on NOVEMBER 2 next.—Solicitors, Messrs. SHERRARD and SONS, 34 and 35, Gresham Street, E.C., and Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

SALISBURY PLAIN.

12 miles from Salisbury, 7 from Amesbury.

HORSE TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT.

**TO BE SOLD,** an attractive Freehold RESIDENCE: 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 41 horses; 4 cottages; well-timbered gardens and grounds, in all about 31 ACRES. Personally inspected.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,294)

By order of the Executors of the late G. S. ALEFOUNDER, Esq.

"SATIS HOUSE," YOXFORD, SUFFOLK.

**A PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE,** containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 best bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and complete offices; stabling for 7, garage; attractive gardens of about 3½ acres. To be OFFERED by AUCTION by MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY, at the Estate Room, 20, Hanover Square, London, W., in October.—Solicitors, Messrs. CROOK and JONES, 4, King Street, Cheapside, E.C.

1½ MILES FROM EAST GRINSTEAD. 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.
TO BE SOLD.

**MODERN HOUSE IN OLD-FASHIONED STYLE,** standing in well-matured grounds and approached by a carriage-drive.—Oak-panelled lounge hall, drawing room or billiard room (30ft. by 18ft. by 17ft.), with minstrel gallery, dining room, study, 6 or 7 bedrooms and bathroom; Company's water; well-laid-out grounds of 2½ acres with lawns, flower beds, grass and gravel walks, summer-house, and paddock. There are some fine old timbered trees. Within easy distance of several golf links.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,209)

KENT.
Between Tunbridge Wells and East Grinstead.
TO BE SOLD.

**CHARMING OLD XVth-CENTURY TIMBER-BUILT HOUSE,** which has been carefully restored, standing high on gravel and sand rock soil with a southern aspect.—Stone-flagged entrance-hall, dining room, drawing room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, gallery and large studio, easily convertible into 3 bedrooms. The grounds of 4¾ acres include small flower garden, orchard, paddock, and dell.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,242)

Telephones { Mayfair 5701 and 5702. Yeovil 43.
Telegrams { "Wilsogra, Audley, London." and "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

# WILSON & GRAY

LONDON and YEOVIL.

14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

The Oldest Established and Principal Agency for
TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN and OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES

of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished, where owners and applicants can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.
Enquiries to 14, Mount Street, W., or 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT.

WILSON AND GRAY have now transferred their above Department to
No. 56, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.
Telephone: Mayfair 1321.

The renovation, restoration, enlargement, etc., to old-world Properties, together with the reproduction of same, are a few of the special features dealt with, and all enquiries respecting such matters should now be addressed as above.

*TRACED BACK TO THE YEAR 703 A.D.*

**A COTSWOLD MANOR HOUSE NEAR BROADWAY.**

**£2,000,** FREEHOLD.—Built up to the first floor in Lias stone, with Cotswold Oolite dressings to the windows; above the structure is part timber-framed, finished in black and white, with oak mullions to the windows, fine clustered chimneys and roof of Cotswold stone. The interior includes a mass of oak panelling, old open fireplaces, etc. Accommodation: 5 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms (4 or 5 more could be constructed from two large rooms at present unused), bathroom, 3 staircases, offices, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND MAIN WATER.

Stabling, garage, man's rooms, 3 glasshouses and other useful buildings; garden, pleasure-grounds, and orchards of about 5 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

Under an hour from London.

**£300** PER ANNUM, Unfurnished, or would be SOLD, picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, containing: 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 5 reception and billiard rooms, lounge hall, entrance lodge; garage, stabling for 4; very pretty grounds, orchard, and paddocks of 17 acres. First-rate order throughout. Telephone; acetylene gas.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

*Illustrated Particulars Now Ready.*

**NEAR NEWBURY.**

A PERFECT RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

of about 105 acres, including a beautifully appointed and fitted old-fashioned HOUSE, with lovely gardens.

FREEHOLD TO BE SOLD.—The house stands high amidst beautiful country. It contains: 11 bed and dressing-rooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, and excellent offices: electric light; good water and new drainage; splendid stabling, garage, lodge, 3 cottages, and fine farm buildings.

THE GARDENS ARE DELIGHTFUL,

splendidly timbered, and well maintained. There are extensive lawns and lovely flower gardens, walled kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, etc. Surrounding are the well-timbered park-lands, and the capital pleasure farm. In all, the estate is one of the most charming properties that has entered the market for a considerable time.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

WILTS.—1½ miles from station Main G.W.Ry, and 2 hours from London. Sand soil; 250ft. above sea.

**£90** P.A., UNFURNISHED. Premium, £260 for improvements (paddock let off at £12 p.a., reducing Rent to £78 p.a.).

**CHARMING OLD JACOBEAN HOUSE WITH 6 ACRES OF LOVELY GROUNDS.**

Large square hall, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; telephone; stabling for 5. Cottage if required.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W., and at Yeovil.

25 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON ON THE SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.

300ft. above sea level. Perfectly rural position.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

**A FINE OLD 14th CENTURY HOUSE WITH BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF 22 ACRES.**

10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; complete offices with servants' hall; garage; farmery. *Electric light; telephone; central heating; modern drainage; company's water.*—Sole agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Inspected and highly recommended.

HANTS.

Between Winchester and Petersfield; close to beautiful old village; 265ft. above sea level.

**FOR SALE,** an attractive little ESTATE of about 65 acres, situate in one of the most favourite parts of the South of England. The House is

**A FINE SPECIMEN OF EARLY GEORGIAN ARCHITECTURE,**

and contains: 2 panelled halls, superbly decorated drawing room, oak dining room, 2 other reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, and 2 bathrooms; stabling for 10 horses, cottages, etc.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND PARK.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil.

**UNIQUE TOWN RESIDENCE FOR DISPOSAL.**

WITH SOUTH ASPECT.

**IN A FAVOURITE PART OF LONDON.**—Charming and luxuriously fitted BIJOU DWARF RESIDENCE for disposal, with the distinct advantage of having

ALL THE RECEPTION ROOMS ON THE GROUND FLOOR,

whilst above there are only two floors of bedrooms, enabling the house to be run in a highly *economical manner* with a *small staff of servants.* The accommodation comprises: *7 bed and dressing rooms* (the principal of which measure 21ft. by 15ft., 20ft. by 15ft., 18ft. by 15ft., and 18ft. by 14ft. respectively), *2 well-fitted up-to-date bathrooms, 3 beautiful reception rooms,* entrance and pretty inner halls; exceptionally light and clean domestic offices, including kitchen, scullery, pantry; servants' hall, etc.

The House is newly decorated with great taste and in perfect order throughout. Every up-to-date contrivance for convenience and comfort has been installed.

The Lease is held direct from the Freeholder and has nearly 70 years unexpired

AT THE LOW GROUND RENT OF £40 PER ANNUM.

IN ORDER TO ENSURE AN EARLY SALE

**A BARGAIN PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED.**

Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

**FURNISHED TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS. A Comprehensive List forwarded on application.**

Offices: 14, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. *Telephone:* Mayfair 5701 & 5702.

Telegrams: "Everything, London." **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: { Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

**HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.**
(12 miles from Town).
**A GENTLEMAN'S SUPERB RESIDENCE.**
Built absolutely regardless of cost.
TO BE SOLD.
13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, 2 staircases, fine hall; garage, cottage for chauffeur over.
LOVELY GROUNDS OF SOME 5 ACRES.
Lawns, terraces, kitchen gardens, paddock.
ELECTRIC LIGHT, PARQUET FLOORS, PANELLED ROOMS, CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT, MOST LUXURIOUS FITMENTS.
—Inspected and most highly recommended by Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FROM THE GARDEN.

ONLY SEVEN MILES FROM PICCADILLY.
TO LET, FURNISHED:
**KINGSTON HILL.**
**Practically adjoining the famous Coombe Golf Links.**
Charming RESIDENCE: 10 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms; electric light; garage, telephone, etc.
4 ACRES LOVELY GROUNDS.
To be Let for 3-6 months or longer.
—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 16,719)

TELEGRAMS: "Mercural, London." **F. L. MERCER & CO.,** TELEPHONE NO. 1579 Regent.
7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

AN INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE.
COST £15,000.
ONE-THIRD TAKEN FOR QUICK SALE.
**CUMBERLAND** ('midst glorious scenery, within easy reach of the LAKE DISTRICT).—A charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, comprising an elaborately fitted and picturesque stone-built gabled Residence, with large lounge hall, 4 handsome reception, full-sized billiard room, also ballroom (45ft. by 27ft.), beautifully-fitted bathroom, 10 bed and dressing rooms; electric light, radiators; exquisite pleasure grounds; stabling, garage; farmery, gardener's cottage.
Also a secondary Residence (4 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms), and
32 ACRES OF PARK-LANDS.
High up, beautiful views: salmon and trout fishing, shooting, hunting, golf.
An exchange for a suitable property in the South of England would be entertained.

A SUSSEX BARGAIN.
**BETWEEN HORSHAM AND PULBOROUGH** (1½ miles from a station).—A HANDSOME GENUINE XVITH CENTURY RESIDENCE, Gothic windows, oak beams, inglenooks, full of old oak, stone built, Horsham stone roof: 3 reception, billiard, bath, 9 bedrooms; long drive, entrance lodge; main water, stabling, garage, farmery; beautiful pleasure grounds and
70 ACRES OF HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK-LANDS.
FREEHOLD, £4,250 (would be sold with 30 acres). — Strongly recommended from personal inspection by the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

COST £15,000. PRICE ASKED £6,000.
**SURREY** (lovely rural country, 45 minutes from London).—A beautiful old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE, with gas, Co.'s water, main drainage, telephone; lounge hall, 3 handsome reception, full-sized billiard, 2 bath, 16 bed and dressing rooms; stabling, extensive garage; farmery, 2 cottages; charming pleasure grounds and
47 ACRES OF HEAVILY-TIMBERED PARK-LANDS.

BARGAIN OF THE YEAR, £8,000.
**BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM** (1 hour from Town; high up; glorious views).—Picturesque OLD SUSSEX HOUSE. Lounge hall, music room, 4 handsome reception, oak panelled billiard, 2 bath, 13 bed and dressing rooms; radiators; acetylene gas; telephone. BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS. Long carriage drive with pretty entrance lodge; 5 cottages; stabling, garage; modern farm buildings and finely-timbered park. 200 ACRES. BOUNDED BY A RIVER.

A GEM ON THE CHILTERNS.
APPEALING TO BUYERS OF REFINED TASTES.
**BUCKS** (glorious spot near High Wycombe, under an hour from town; high up, lovely views).—A perfectly appointed old MANOR HOUSE: 4 large reception, 2 bath, 11 bedrooms; oak beams, panelling, open fireplaces, main water, central heating, stabling, garage, farmery; delightful gardens renowned for their beauty, and 10 ACRES of grass-land. BARGAIN, £3,750.

PRICE REDUCED FROM £4,000 TO £3,000.
**HERTS** (40 minutes from King's Cross, between HATFIELD and HITCHIN).—An attractive RESIDENCE: 3 good reception, bath, 7 bedrooms; telephone connected; superior cottage, stabling, garage; very pretty pleasure grounds and 40 ACRES OF PARK-LIKE PASTURE-LAND. Price, with 5 acres, £2,000; further land £30 an acre.

A TIMES BARGAIN.
**BETWEEN NEWBURY AND ANDOVER.**—A beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE in perfect order; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns; stabling, garage, extensive buildings and 125 ACRES of rich land. Freehold, £3,150.

A STUPENDOUS BARGAIN.
BEAUTIFUL TUDOR RESIDENCE.
PERFECT ORDER.
**BETWEEN TROWBRIDGE AND BATH.**—Large lounge hall, 4 handsome and lofty reception, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; gas, main water, gravel soil, stabling, garage, cottages, long drive; fascinating pleasure grounds, with lawns, flower beds, yew hedges, peach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden and 21 ACRES OF PARK-LANDS.
BARGAIN, £4,000.
—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

# FOOTWEAR of EXCELLENCE

A Note *by* Gisèle.

A perfectly comfortable and elegant boot is rare.

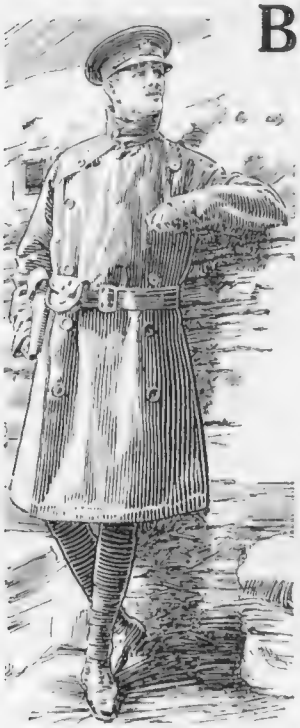
The boot illustrated here is both. Marshall's boots and shoes are fashionable in shape, comfortable in wear, have a long life, and are made in England by skilled workmen from the finest materials.

Speaking of comfort recalls that some bedroom slippers of velvet, in charming colours, cost only 4/6 at Marshall's.

Grey, black and brown loth uppers, with soft patent golosh
22/6

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**
LIMITED
Everything for woman's wear.
VERE ST. & OXFORD ST.
LONDON
and at
SCARBOROUGH LEEDS
YORK HARROGATE

# TRENCH-WARM BURBERRY



In ONE coat combines the comfort and services of THREE, each of which can be worn separately.

**1. TRENCH - WARM** double-fronted, and impenetrable for excessively severe weather.

**2. WEATHERPROOF,** will keep out the heaviest, continuous rain.

**3. SHORT - WARM** of Camel Fleece — light, soft and supple.

Two and three conjointly form one coat, *i.e.*, THE

## TRENCH-WARM

Will withstand hours of rain. Proofness is unaffected by heat, cold, or hard wear. Keeps out cold, yet is never overheating.

A distinguished coat.

**Illustrated Military Brochure Post Free**

*All Genuine Burberry Garments bear the Burberry Label.*

**BURBERRYS** Haymarket, LONDON
8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents

*RELIABLE FURS*

All our Furs are of a particularly reliable quality. They are made on the premises under thoroughly hygienic conditions by our own highly skilled furriers from skins that we can recommend with the utmost confidence. The shape, fit and finish are invariably excellent.

**New Model Fur Coat,** as sketch, in extra quality selected Seal Musquash. An exact copy of an exclusive French Model cut on very full lines, with handsome skunk collar and cuffs, exceptional value.

Special price

**25** Gns.

**Debenham & Freebody**
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W

# HARVEY NICHOLS

& Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.

*Models conspicuous for their refined taste are a feature of our Blouse Salon.*

U 40

Smart Blouse in Ninon. Copy of a Worth Model. Lined Ivory Chiffon and trimmed with Kiltings and dainty Embroidery. Ivory Net vest. In Navy, black and ecru, rose, champagne, grey, saxe, maize, and all black; other colours to special order. Made in our own workrooms.

**49/6**

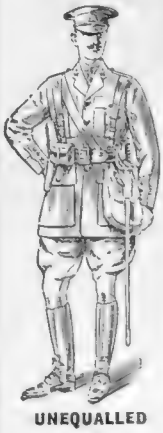
# SERVICE DRESS

**For IMMEDIATE WEAR**

**OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS**

**ACCURACY & FIT GUARANTEED**

Field Service JACKET from 55/-
BREECHES ,, 25/-
GREATCOAT ,, 84/-
WARM COAT ,, 63/-
RAINCOAT ,, 55/-
PUTTEES ,, 6/6
LEGGINGS ,, 25/-



**PATTERNS POST FREE.**

**UNEQUALLED VALUE, FIT, & STYLE.**

**MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS**

From **63/-**

(As sold elsewhere from 4 & 5 Gns.)

**PATTERNS** **POST FREE.**

Only Maker of 'HALLZONE' 'Ideal' 'GOLD MEDAL'

## 21/- RIDING BREECHES

(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere for 2 & 3 Gns.)

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.

# HARRY HALL

"The" Coat & Breeches Specialist & Habit Maker,

**207, OXFORD STREET, W., 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.**

VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS, BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order and fit same day.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

# Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

## RADIUM v. GREY HAIR.

**The Cavendish**

# RADIUM HAIR RESTORER

**(NOT A DYE.) THE FINEST HAIR RESTORER IN THE WORLD.**

A Genuine Radium Restorer that will bring back to grey or faded hair the colour that it possessed at 20 years of age; will also keep the scalp quite free from scurf, and, like all my Radium preparations, its efficacy is guaranteed - - - - - PRICE **7/9**

**RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR GROWER.** Unparalleled for producing abundant, glossy hair - - - - - - - PRICE **5/9**

**HELEN CAVENDISH, 120, New Bond Street.** MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ARMY AND NAVY STORES, HARRODS, Etc.

## Make your Wrist Watch break-proof!

Every wrist watch wearer—soldier or sportsman—needs the **Army Protector** which converts *any* wrist watch into a miniature hunter guarding the glass and case from breakage, protecting the wearer from the dangers of splinters, and preventing dangerous reflections from the glass.

# The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Gives absolute protection to any Wrist Watch

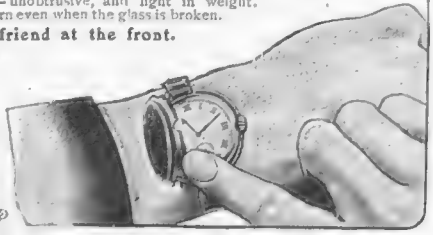
Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement—unobtrusive, and light in weight. Enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

**Send one to your friend at the front.**

Nickel or Khaki Finish **1/6**
Leather Covered, **2/6**;
Solid Silver from **5/6**
Also in Solid Gold.

*Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.* If unable to obtain from your Jeweller send stamps or postal orders direct to

*Sales Manager,*
**Waltham Buildings, 29, Church St., LIVERPOOL**



PESCO

## 'THE BEST'!

There is no Underwear made that *looks* better, *wears* better or *is* better than the high class All-British

# PESCO UNDERWEAR

Made from the best wool in the World, by the World's best woollen workers it is the best Underwear the World produces and never fails to give in wear the all round satisfaction that those who buy the best expect

Ask for 'PESCO' from your Draper or Hosier. It is on sale everywhere and is obtainable in every Underwear shape, size, and texture, for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE.

*In case of difficulty, write us for names of nearest Agents:*

**THE PESCO CO., Dept. 35, Hawick, Roxburgh.**

PESCO

The most sure-footed animal in the world is the GOAT. The only sure-footed Tyre is the Good*rich*.

## Is your Car sure-footed

**or will it slip at any moment?**

MAKE it safe with Goodrich tyres—the five-fold Safety Tread; they grip the road and leave you free to enjoy your ride. You will appreciate the absence of "skid-dread"!

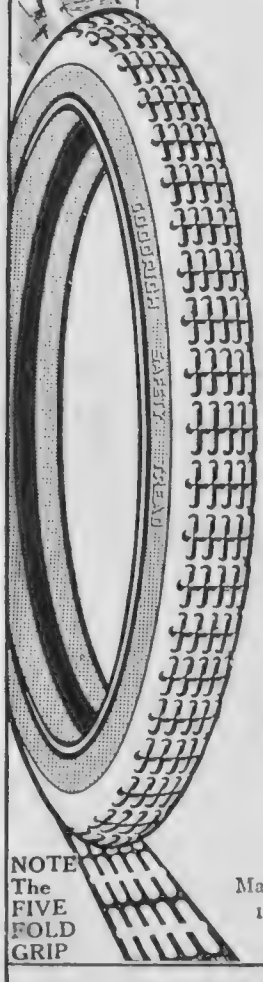
Our tyres are the final word in non-skids, and our principle is acknowledged by those who know to be absolutely pre-eminent in safety tyre construction.

Nine times out of ten the wet or bad road surface does not call for steel studs, and when it does, we make the finest you can buy. The smooth tyre provides no protection, and makes punctures easy.

Much better have all four wheels "Good*riched*" and get the maximum of safety, the minimum loss of power and the nearest approach to freedom from puncture so far attained.

Your wife will appreciate the safety you ensure for her by using them.

REMEMBER THE NAME.




NOTE The FIVE FOLD GRIP

GOODRICH
SAFETY TREAD
TYRES

SOLD WHEREVER GOOD TYRES ARE SOLD

Made by the B.F. Goodrich Co., Ltd. 117-123, Golden Lane, E.C.

## "BEST in the LONG RUN"

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE
sent post free on request.

## Safe and healthy wear in treacherous weather.

# "Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

## SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

You cannot be too careful about the choice of material for your day and night wear during the treacherous Autumn and Winter months, and nothing is so healthy and chill-preventing as "Viyella." Added to this it is very durable, artistic, and does not shrink.

**OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS.**

*If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, please write for Booklet "A Material Consideration," patterns (non-returnable), and address of nearest retailer:*

W. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Wholesale only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C.

DRYAD CANE FURNITURE

Invalid Chairs & Hospital Furniture in cane work. Light, comfortable and strongly made Chairs, with adjustable backs and leg rests, Bed Tables, Bed Rests, Wheeled Chairs, Carrying Chairs, etc.

Every care and attention given to work for special requirements.

*Dryad Cane Furniture can be washed without injury.*

Book of designs free on application to Y dept. Dryad Works, Leicester.

# HOW THE JAPANESE ALWAYS REMAIN SLENDER.

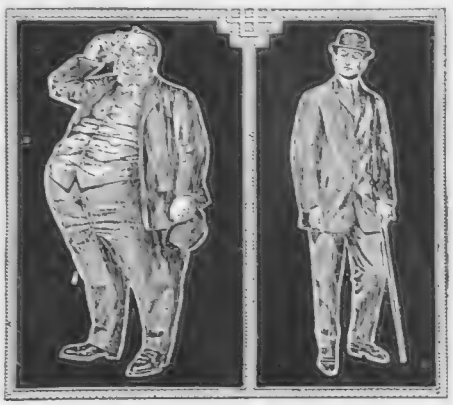
## NO ONE NEED REMAIN FAT NOW.

**Traveller and Scientist Discovers Long-Sought Secret. Reduced His Own Weight 100lbs. Without a Single Drug, after all Advertised Remedies Had Failed Absolutely.**

**How to Reduce Fat One Pound a Day, and Always Remain SLIM. No Drugs, Medicines, Starvation Diet, Exercising or Apparatus used. Finds Simple ome Treatment Works Wonders.**

**Arrangements Now Made to have all Stout Readers of this Paper Receive a Free Copy of Dr. Turner's Wonderful Book, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds."**

In an interview accorded upon his return from a long trip, Dr. F. M. Turner, the physician, scientist and traveller, widely known for his scientific researches, and whose writings have brought him international reputation, gave some valuable particulars to those who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult, indeed, to recognise in the slender, muscular, and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner to-day, the same man who only a few months previously they knew as a semi-invalid, so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.



When questioned concerning his health and the remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said: "My discovery came about during my trip, and in this way: When seeking data for some literary work, I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. It was easily apparent from observation that the Japs are comparatively hearty eaters, and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy and, therefore, the most fat-forming of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts, the natives of Japan, both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance. Although corsets are rare in that country, the women there have beautiful figures that any Englishwoman might well envy, and the Japanese men have strength and powers of endurance that are proverbial. After diligent enquiry about the cause of this, I became more than ever convinced that they were using there in Japan methods of fat reduction and fat prevention far in advance of anything known to medical science in this country. As the finding of such a method was a matter of life or death to me at that time, I consulted numerous authorities, and set about asking questions of those who would be likely to know anything about it. I am glad to say that my untiring efforts were finally rewarded by the discovery of a new means of fat reduction that I determined to give a short trial immediately. I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight. I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old-time vigour of body and mind. It made me feel twenty years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside of my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that reduction was permanent, nor has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a highly logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain most satisfactory results. Surely, in view of all these proven facts, no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat now. Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in a handsomely bound and extremely interesting little booklet, entitled, "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds" and by special arrangement with the Doctor we are able to announce that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to BYSTANDER readers who are sufficiently interested to send two penny stamps for postage and packing.

The books are sent in plain wrapping, and we are told that there are only about 1,000 of the last edition left. When these are gone the Doctor may not have any more printed, as he says that extensive business and professional interests will demand all his time from now on, and also he may depart on another long trip at any time, so will probably have no time to give the matter personal attention again for several months at least. He therefore will not promise us to send the books to any readers who do not write him immediately. The Doctor's present address is F. M. Turner, c-o the Turner Co. (Dept. 723L), 214 Great Portland Street London, W., and any requests sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. We urgently advise all BYSTANDER stout readers to obtain this wonderful book and begin reducing weight immediately, as such a chance as this may never present itself again.

This offer is made for the special benefit of BYSTANDER readers, and in order to prove that you are entitled to receive one of the books entirely free of cost be sure to send the following coupon, or write and mention No. 723L.

**FREE BOOK COUPON.**

F. M. Turner, c-o The Turner Co. (Dept. 723L), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W.

Enclosed find two penny stamps to help pay for postage and packing of the free book on drugless weight reduction, to which I am entitled as a reader of THE BYSTANDER.

Name .....

Address .....


# Wilson & Gill

139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON.W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised Silver Serpent. £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent. £6 10 0

Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch. £4 10 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set Diamonds. £5 10 0
Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

**ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3.10.0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.**



# How much MONEY do you WASTE on Coal?

**SEE HOW THE "HUE" WILL STOP THE WASTE**

You probably have an old-fashioned grate like No. 1, which wastes the coal and gives little heat. Why not convert it into a modern barless fire? The cost is small and the operation simple.

No. 2 is the HUE BARLESS FIRE which effects the transformation. It is adaptable to any existing grate, without pulling down mantelpieces and removing the present stove.

No. 1 is the same stove showing effect produced by the HUE. More heat is given out in the room with about half the coal consumption. Not mere assertion, but proved by actual tests. The HUE is clean, and hygienic. It has been installed in thousands of private houses, and adopted by the principal Railway Companies, Hotels, and Institutions. Without question it is the most efficient Barless Fire on the market and is equally suitable for large or small rooms. Price from 15/-

**SEND TO-DAY**

For beautifully-illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE, showing how it is fixed, cost, and many other important points.

**YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.,**
*(Dept. B.)*, **Stratford, London, E.**

*Do not be misled by so-called adaptable Barless Fires, which by their construction can never be satisfactory. The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.*



# THE WAR & ECONOMY

FIRE,
BURGLARY,
ACCIDENT,
MOTORS, &c.

GUARANTEED BY THE LICENSES INSURANCE CORPORATION & GUARANTEE FUND LTD. CONDUCTED AND
THE INSURANCE
24 MOORGATE STREET, E.C.
POOL
FUNDS £400,000.

ANNUAL
DISTRIBUTION
OF
PROFITS.

FOR SELECTED RISKS.

# Fashions' Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

### The Craze for Long Coats

ALTHOUGH it can scarcely be said to be a fashion that has sprung up as a mushroom in the night, nevertheless none of us quite expected to see the seven eighths length coat—for that is what the long coat that completely covers the gown now amounts to—take the floor so completely. Those who are not already fitted up in this respect are positively feverish with excitement to possess the latest, and there is no establishment more capable of fulfilling the highest expectations than Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. The mantle department here is renowned, and has been for many a long year, and those who control have thrown themselves with characteristic energy into the coat question.

### Pony Cloth Trimmed Black Fur

This is the keynote of the selection, and the only complaint one would make is that the choice of styles offered is conducive to bewilderment. Some models there are quite closely shaped into the figure, the skirt always flaring freely, others have belts rather loosely fitting. A case in point had the hem rather curiously shaped, with an upward slope in centre front, the whole outlined by a band of black fur, of which the high upward sweeping collar was likewise fashioned. Another strikingly original model was of rich seal plush, cut in long straight simple lines for two-thirds of the length, when a very circular *volant* completed the story. As an instance of value and price the following provides a typical example. A coat of black pony cloth, hemmed, cuffed, and collared with skunk opossum, and modelled with the decreed *godet* effect, is only £4 18*s*. 6*d*. And one and all are lined throughout with satin, besides being irreproachably finished. In a word, expressive of high value throughout.

Some idea of the esteem in which these coats are held in Paris may be gathered from the model illustrated. This is an exceptionally *recherché* affair, expressed in black chiffon velvet, trimmed, as shown, with moleskin fur, while the satin lining is in the loveliest Malmaison rose. There are several interesting innovations to be noted, such as the narrow *ceinture* of fur, and the high close-fitting collar: the high waist effect also is a little *imprévu*, and makes for picturesqueness. As the cost is rather more appreciable than perhaps the majority would just at present feel disposed to pay, Peter Robinson's are copying this exceedingly charming model in pony cloth trimmed skunk-dyed opossum, while almost any model can be replica-ed in brown pony cloth for those who have no reason or desire to swell the ranks of the sable-hued community.

PARIS MODEL FOR ONE OF THE NEW LONG COATS

In black velvet or pony cloth trimmed with fur. Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, by Dorothy Millar, and described on this page by Mrs. Jack May

### Fashions in Furniture

At John Barker's, Kensington, the skill and nicety with which the best periods are reproduced cannot possibly be brought to a higher pitch of perfection. One of the most recent achievements here is a bedroom suite, comprising a gentleman's wardrobe, washing-stand, and toilet table, carried out in a particularly fine quality curled mahogany after the best Chippendale period. The style is shown in accompanying sketch. The cost of the wardrobe is only £14, or the set complete comes out at £25 5*s*.

A big feature, moreover, is being made of china and book cabinets on the same fine lines. One of these examples, 4ft. wide and 6ft. high, is a truly remarkable production at £8 5*s*. Another with those delightful Gothic doors, surmounted by a pear-drop cornice, comes out at £12 10*s*. A singularly charming side or dressing-table would be difficult to detect from a genuine piece of antique Sheraton. The drawers are

*FASHION'S FANCIES* (*concluded from page* ix)

lined oak, and the broad inlay perfectly treated, the brasses, furthermore, being toned to an artistic dullness. And with this there goes a bow-fronted wardrobe.

A bargain not to be lightly passed over is a set of dining-room chairs, six small and two arm, of beautifully carved mahogany with Cabriole legs and dull green morocco seats, the whole set marked at the exceedingly low figure of £25.

A great deal has been written and a good deal more could be on the supreme value of the easy chairs turned out of John Barker's own factory, the models in every case being exclusive, while an appropriate addition just now is a wheel-about chair for our poor wounded men. This chair has been specially constructed at the very moderate price of £2 5*s*., is extra strongly made, easy to move, and fitted with rubber-tyred wheels.

GENTLEMAN'S BEDROOM SUITE

Designed in accordance with the canons of the best Chippendale period, and obtainable at Messrs. John Barker's, Kensington, at the low price of £25 5s. 0d.

**Military Jewellery**

With that true understanding of what constitutes a very prevalent demand, the ruling powers of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have thrown themselves heart and soul into the cause of military jewellery, reproducing to perfection the various badges in the form of brooches, links, pins, and such like pieces of *bijouterie*. All kinds of precious stones are employed for the beautiful devices, set in platinum, gold and silver and fine enamels, and practically the badges of all the leading regiments are kept in stock, while in any case individual orders are executed in the shortest space of time. These exquisite little pieces of jewellery are in very great request for wedding gifts and bridesmaids presents, and in many instances will doubtless, in their own good time, become heirlooms of priceless value. Naturally some of the badges lend themselves more readily than others to the jewellery cause, a notable case in point being that of the Royal Flying Corps, which consists of two outspread wings, divided by the initials R.F.C. supporting a crown. By the way, I may mention that in the company's advertisement appearing on page 31 in last week's BYSTANDER this charming brooch was inadvertently described as the badge of the "Royal Naval Flying Corps." To anyone who is unable to pay a personal visit of inspection at 112, Regent Street, the company will be pleased to send full particulars and illustrations post free on application.

MORNING DRESS OF BENGALINE

With collar, vest, cuffs and waistband of colour-printed silk. Made in Messrs. Liberty and Co.'s workrooms, and more fully described on this page

**An Artistic Liberty Gown**

Anything and everything emanating from Liberty's possesses a special charm, and being a law unto themselves, and a law, moreover, upheld by all women of fastidious taste, a gown designed and executed in the firm's own workrooms must of necessity claim very special and particular attention. At the moment, there is to be found at East India House, Regent Street a charming little gown of silk and wool bengaline, the simple dainty bodice trimmed with hand-printed Tyrian silk, a genuine Liberty production, priced at only 55*s*. The accompanying sketch tells faithfully enough of the artistic fashioning, the full skirt being arranged with pleats in front to produce a panel effect, a line of buttons of the Tyrian silk occurring on either side, the fancy silk appearing on the bodice in the form of an inset vest, collar, cuffs, and belt. But where the black-and-white sketch must inevitably fall short of the reality is in its utter powerlessness to convey any idea of the exquisite colours in which this artistic Liberty frock can be had. Personal investigation alone can appreciate the exquisite blues, greens, ambers, and other tints, all characteristically Liberty, and, consequently, wholly irresistible. And in every case the hand-printed Tyrian silk harmonises or contrasts to perfection.

---

**For Polish and Galician Refugees**

Princess Bariatinsky, Chairman of the London Committee of the Great Britain-Poland-Galicia Fund, and the British Colony at Moscow, are making an urgent appeal for assistance in organising permanent winter feeding points for the refugees. The Moscow Committee is already feeding daily 3,000 persons at Moscow, but the terrible Russian winter imperatively demands more aid at the Committee's disposal. An instant response is pleaded for, as early preparation is necessary to help to relieve the appalling distress. Subscriptions should be sent to Mr. Eveleigh Nash, Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, marked "British Moscow Committee."

**For Regulars and Volunteers**

We can imagine no better little military handbooks than those published by Harrison and Sons at 6*d*. — *Squad Drill Illustrated*, *Company Drill Illustrated*, and *Swedish Drill Illustrated* should all be in the possession of every man training for the Army or the Volunteer Corps. The great point about them is the absence of "frillings," and that every order and movement is plainly set out in diagram form and can be understood at a glance. We strongly recommend them.

# CALOX

**Pleasant Reflections**

are those, indeed, which show the lustrous milk-white beauty of a well-kept set of teeth.

The regular use of Calox will keep your teeth in that fine condition. Oxygen is the cleansing agent in Calox, and there is nothing else so purifying, nothing else that removes the causes of dental decay so effectually. Without delay start the regular night and morning use of Calox.

*A Dainty Sample Box of Calox will be sent Free on receipt of a Postcard.*

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists and Stores at 1/1½, in non-wasting metal boxes.

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD.,
75, Farringdon Road,
London,
E.C.

# A Fashionable Boot

MADE in all black velvetta calf or with black cloth tops and patent coltskin golosh as illustrated, this Norvic boot has quite a military air, without in any sense being ultra-fashionable. It is not likely to go out of fashion suddenly, and yet it conforms to present styles in dress. It is a serviceable boot, being made of the finest materials procurable. That's a point to remember—Norvic are the same splendid quality and value they were before the war.

NORVIC SHOES for LADIES

Stamped on the sole.

NORVIC—

*Boots and Shoes are perfectly made and dainty to wear. Write for Booklet of Autumn Styles and name of nearest Agent.*

NORVIC SHOE CO.
(Howlet & White, Ltd.)
NORWICH

N 114
22/6

Boots from 19/6
Shoes from 16/6

# Send him Soap—

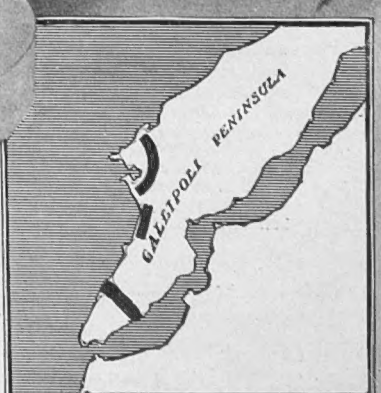
No matter if your soldier friend is fighting in FLANDERS or at the DARDANELLES send him a

BOX OF

# WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

Q.M.S. BENTLEY, *Headquarters Staff, 17th Division, B.E.F., writes:* "Please send some WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, as it is only through its frequent use that I am immune from mosquito bites."

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP




**"After You with the Soap"**

*Extract from a letter received from the front:*—"Just a line to let you know I received one of Queen Alexandra's parcels, which came very acceptable, especially the small tablet of soap, as we cannot get any on the Peninsula for love or money.

You should have seen the boys following me down for a wash. They were all shouting, 'After you with a rub of the soap,' so I can tell you I never had much left by the time they were all finished."

Box of Three Tablets, 1/-

# The Menu: Some Simple and Homely Dishes

### A Steamed Fish Pudding

Boil and mash four good-sized potatoes. Shred finely ½ lb. of cold fish (cod, haddock, or hake), add 1 oz. of butter, and mix well together with the potatoes and half a gill of milk. Beat up an egg and stir in. Put the mixture into a greased basin, steam for one hour, turn out, and serve with cheese sauce made as follows: Melt 1 oz. of butter and blend with it 1 oz. of flour, stir in half a pint of milk, stir the sauce till it boils, then add 1 oz. of grated cheese, a little salt and white pepper, stir well till it is thick and creamy, and pour over and round the fish mould.

### Stewed Beef Kidney

Cut 3 oz. of rather fat bacon into small pieces. Slice thinly 1 lb. of beef kidney. Put it into a saucepan with the bacon and two small onions cut up quite finely. Add half a pint of stock or water, and simmer gently for about two hours. Now melt 1 oz. of butter in another saucepan, stir in 1 oz. of flour, and blend well together; add some of the gravy from the kidney, let it thicken, and then stir it in, with the kidney, add a few drops of Parisian essence, garnish with sippets of fried bread and serve. Some butter beans which have been boiled until quite tender and then added to the kidney are a nice addition to this dish, and sheep's liver cooked in this way is very delicious. Either can be cooked in a casserole in the oven.

### Dry Mutton Curry

Fry some onions a light brown in butter, and put them aside on a plate. Put into the butter a large tablespoonful of curry-powder; let it fry until it is dry and of a dark colour, stirring it all the time. Then add 1 lb. of fresh mutton or other meat cut up into small pieces, and allow it to fry until the meat is half cooked. Then add a large teacupful of milk. Cover it and let it boil gently. Stir in the fried onions, a dessertspoonful of chutney, the same of desiccated cocoanut, and a very small piece of cinnamon. Mix this all well into the sauce. When it has thickened, cover the saucepan and let it stew until the sauce becomes quite thick. A few minutes before serving squeeze in the juice of a small lemon, and add salt to taste. Serve with boiled rice.

### A Savoury Mould

This is a nice dish, which can be made of cooked meat. Chop ½ lb. of meat finely (beef or mutton), or put it through a mincing-machine, add to it a ¼ lb. of breadcrumbs, 1 oz. of butter or dripping, one dessertspoonful each of chopped parsley and onion, a pinch of allspice, salt and pepper, moisten all with a tablespoonful of gravy, and stir in a well-beaten egg. Grease a mould, fill with the mixture, and bake for one hour. Turn out on a hot dish. Sprinkle breadcrumbs and parsley over, and pour round some thick brown gravy. Garnish with tomatoes, which have been fried in a little butter.

### Fried Bananas

Peel and cut the bananas into slices lengthways. Fry in a little butter or with bacon until they begin to brown. Serve with bacon or alone, as preferred. Bananas make a change for breakfast, and are very nice prepared in this way.

### Stewed Oysters (an American Dish)

Drain the liquor from two dozen oysters, mix with it a small teacupful of hot water, add a little salt and pepper, and put over the fire in a saucepan. When it comes to the boil take off the scum and add a cupful of milk. Let it boil up at once, then put in the oysters, and allow it to boil for three minutes longer. Add a good lump of butter, and when this is melted take from the fire and serve at once.

EMILIA


**Food Value & Economy**

SCIENCE tells us that Coffee has a distinct stimulating food-value, so also has sugar, while milk is in itself a complete food.

MILKMAID BRAND Café au Lait KAFFAY-O-LAY

combines three foods in one—finest coffee, purest milk, and refined sugar—at the same time affording a most delicious beverage which

**"Leaves no 'grounds' for complaint."**

Cash price **6d.** & **11½d.** per tin of all Grocers.

*An attractive illustrated book of Recipes sent post free on receipt of name and address of Grocer.*

**"MILKMAID BRAND," C.L. DEPOT, 6-8, Eastcheap, London and Branches**

Saving Money on Autumn Wear

Haven't you Costumes and Skirts which would serve for this Season if they were cleaned and pressed or dyed a new color? The cost is comparatively trifling and may save you the expense of buying new.

The "Achille Serre Way" of cleaning and dyeing is recommended by the leading Ladies' Papers—and has been for many years—because it is quick, inexpensive and, above all, *successful*. Many women find our Service of the greatest help even in normal times, and now that War has made it really necessary to economise, our Descriptive Catalogue is of real value to every woman. May we send you a copy?

**Achille Serre Ltd.**

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London

*Branches & Agencies Everywhere*

C161